

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

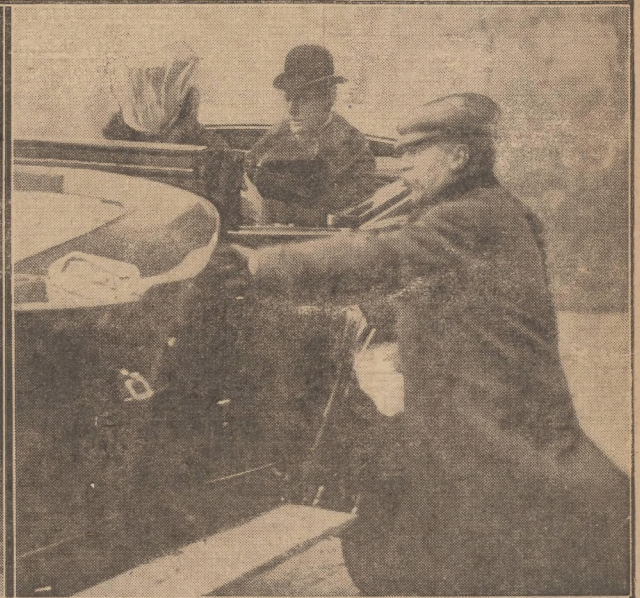
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TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN ELECTIONEERING YESTERDAY.



Racked by the tortures of sciatica, Mr. Austen Chamberlain has spent most of his time during the past two weeks on a couch at his father's house, Highbury, where he resides, only venturing forth to meetings in the evening. Yesterday, on polling-day, however, he was able to drive round his constituency of East Worcestershire in a

motor-car. The top photograph shows him on the back seat of his car. He specially posed with his hat off for this picture for the *Daily Mirror*. Below he is seen with Miss Chamberlain on the steps at Highbury, ready to start on his tour of the committee rooms, and also in his car.

TRIKING LIBERAL VICTORIES.

Romford Rejects Mr. Louis Sinclair by 8,855 Votes.

NO OPPOSITION GAIN.

Mr. Charles Fenwick, ex-Miner, Secures Huge Majority.

THE POSITION AT A GLANCE.

Number of Members	670
Ready Elected	504
Ill to Poll	166
Liberals Elected	266
Nationalists Elected	78
Labour Members Elected	45
Total Liberals and Allies Elected	389
Unionists Elected	115
Present Liberal and Allies' Majority	274
Liberal and Allies' Gains	180
Unionists Gains	9

The Liberal tide flows irresistibly on.

Two of the most remarkable results of the election came to hand yesterday. In the Romford division Mr. Louis Sinclair, the Unionist candidate, was beaten by 8,855 votes, although in 1900 he had a majority of over 3,000. In the Wansbeck Division of Northumberland Mr. Charles Fenwick secured a majority of 7,176—more than twice his opponent's poll.

Mr. John Sinclair, the new Secretary for Scotland, was returned for Forfarshire with the decisive majority of 3,519.

Another old member with a record of twenty years' service has lost his seat in the person of the Hon. A. de Tatton-Egerton, the ex-Unionist representative for the Knutsford Division of Cheshire. There had not been a contest in the constituency for fourteen years.

Sir John Dickson-Poynder, who was originally elected for the Chippenham Division of Wiltshire Conservative, has been returned for his old constituency as a Liberal.

The seats which were polling yesterday were divided by fourteen Unionists and seventeen Liberals.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

BANFFSHIRE.	
A. W. Black (L.)	4,101
J. A. Grant (U.)	1,901
majority, 2,200.	NO CHANGE.
CHESHIRE (KNUTSFORD).	
A. J. King (L.)	5,296
Hon. A. de Tatton-Egerton (U.)	4,596
majority, 700.	LIBERAL GAIN.
CORNWALL (LAUNCESTON).	
Croydon Marks (L.)	4,658
G. J. Sandys (U.)	4,790
majority, 1,922.	NO CHANGE.
DERBYSHIRE (SOUTH).	
H. H. Raphael (L.)	7,991
J. Gretton (U.)	6,468
majority, 1,423.	LIBERAL GAIN.
DOWN (EAST).	
Captain Craig (U.)	4,011
J. Wood (Russellite)	3,341
majority, 670.	NO CHANGE.
ESSEX (ROMFORD).	
J. H. Bethell (L.)	21,534
Louis Sinclair (U.)	12,679
majority, 8,855.	LIBERAL GAIN.
ESSEX (SAFFRON WALDEN).	
J. A. Pease (L.)	4,203
Sir Walter Bartelot (U.)	2,935
majority, 1,268.	NO CHANGE.
FORFARSHIRE.	
Captain J. Sinclair (L.)	6,796
J. M. Bernard (U.)	3,277
majority, 3,519.	NO CHANGE.
KINCARDINESHIRE.	
J. W. Crombie (L.)	3,877
S. J. Gammell (U.)	1,524
majority, 2,353.	NO CHANGE.
LANCASHIRE (ACKINGTON).	
Sir Joseph Lister (L.)	7,209
D. Irving (Soc.)	4,832
Holden (Ind. Lab.)	619
majority over Soc., 2,387.	NO CHANGE.
LANCASHIRE (GORTON).	
J. Hodge (Lab.)	8,568
S. W. Royce (U.)	4,591
majority, 4,223.	LABOUR GAIN.
LANCASHIRE (LEIGH).	
J. F. L. Brunner (L.)	7,175
Donald Macmaster, K.C. (U.)	5,109
majority, 2,066.	NO CHANGE.
MIDDLESEX (HARROW).	
J. Gibb (L.)	11,393
Hon. W. Peel (U.)	10,977
majority, 416.	LIBERAL GAIN.
NORTHUMBERLAND (WANSBECK).	
C. Fenwick (L. and Lab.)	10,386
W. Riddell (U.)	3,210
majority, 7,176.	NO CHANGE.
SUFFOLK (STOWMARKET).	
G. A. Hardy (L.)	4,501
Rev. W. E. Guinness (U.)	4,388
majority, 213.	LIBERAL GAIN.
SURREY (REIGATE).	
H. C. Brodie (L.)	6,067
Colonel R. H. Rawson (U.)	5,848
majority, 219.	LIBERAL GAIN.
WILTS (CHIPPENHAM).	
Sir J. Dickson-Poynder (L.)	4,397
J. K. Randolph (U.)	4,000
majority, 1,968.	NO CHANGE.
WILTSHIRE (CHIPPENHAM).	
U. majority in 1900, 585, when Sir John Dickson-Poynder stood as a Unionist, succeeding from the Conservative Party last year.	

TO-DAY'S POLLING.

Berks (Wokingham).	Launceston (Mid.).
Bucks (Wycombe).	Launceston (Heywood).
Cambridgeshire (Wisbech).	Launceston (N. Lonsdale).
Cheshire (Northwich).	Launceston (Darwen).
Cornwall (Truro).	Launceston (Newton).
Derbyshire (W.).	Leicestershire (Loughboro').
Devonshire (Honiton).	Lincolnshire (Brigg).
Dorset (W.).	Lincolnshire (South).
Down (S.).	Londonderry (N.).
Durham (Barnard Castle).	Midshire (Cottonham).
Durham (Houghton-le-Spring).	Midshire (N.).
Falkirk Burghs.	Northants (S.).
Gloucestershire (Gloucester).	Notts (Rushcliffe).
Gloucestershire (Tewkesbury).	Notts (S.).
Hants (Andover).	Notts (S.).
Herts (Watford).	Notts (S.).
Herefordshire (Hereford).	Notts (S.).
Kilmarnock Burghs.	Notts (S.).
Launceston (S.W.).	Notts (S.).
Launceston (S.).	Notts (S.).

WHY UNIONISTS LOST.

Mr. Chamberlain addressed a mass meeting of 5,000 persons at Halesowen last night.

"I am prepared," he said, "to stand or fall by tariff reform. It is not dead. When side issues are forgotten it will remain the only practical remedy for the difficulties which confront our trade."

No campaign, remarked Mr. Chamberlain, was settled by one battle.

People had been deluded by scandalous misrepresentations regarding Chinese labour and the Education Act.

The right hon. gentleman confessed that he was not prepared for such a large Liberal majority as had followed the appeal to the country.

RIOTOUS SCENES AT CHICHESTER.

A disorderly crowd broke up in confusion last night at a meeting in support of Mr. J. E. Allen, the Liberal candidate for Chichester, which was presided over by Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, brother of the Bishop of Chichester.

The Corn Exchange, where the meeting was held, was crowded, and the speakers were continuously interrupted.

A mob of over a thousand persons outside compelled the chairman, under police escort, to address them. Several stones were flung through the windows, and hoardings were torn down.

One sergeant was roughly handled, and Mr. Horniman, M.P. for Chelsea, was pelted with stones.

Eventually the chairman asked the ladies present to leave, as the police could not much longer hold the iron gates at the entrance.

The meeting then gradually dispersed, but for some time afterwards the city was paraded by shouting gangs of youths.

Several Lancashire ladies insisted upon kissing Mr. Donald Macmaster, K.C., Unionist candidate for Leigh Division.

WARSHIP DISASTER.

Brazilian Ironclad Founders with

All Hands.

300 LIVES LOST.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Monday.—An explosion occurred at midnight last night on board the Brazilian ironclad Aquidaban at the small port of Jacarepagna, to the south of Rio de Janeiro. The ship sank, and it is reported that 300 men perished, one officer alone being saved.

Later.—The Aquidaban sank in three minutes, as the result of an explosion in the powder magazine.

She was accompanying a flotilla escorting the cruiser Barroso, which is conveying the Minister of Marine and an official party on a tour of inspection of sites for the construction of a naval yard.

The number on board the Aquidaban was larger than the vessel's usual complement, owing to sleeping accommodation having been provided on her for a number of naval officers, Government officials, and others in connection with the inquiry.

This accounts for the fact that besides the commander of the Aquidaban himself, the drowned include four rear-admirals.—Reuter.

The Aquidaban, which had a displacement of 4,900 tons, was 250 feet long, with 52 feet beam and 6,200-h.p., and was built at Poplar.

She was launched in 1885 and completed by 1887, and her cost, exclusive of guns and ammunition, was £2345,000. She was one of the nine armoured vessels owned by Brazil.

PEACEFUL CONFERENCE.

Algieras Delegates Settling Morocco's Fate Without Any Friction.

Up to the present time five articles submitted to the Moroccan Conference have been adopted.

No fewer than sixteen articles have been submitted for the consideration of the delegates, and, as far as can be gathered, none of them is likely to cause any serious difference of opinion.

The articles approved refer to the principle of prohibition of the importation of arms and ammunition and to the conditions by which the importation of arms and ammunition for the Maghzen, and of fancy and sporting arms for private persons, are to be regulated. They also deal with the rules affecting the retail sale of weapons.

QUIET ANNIVERSARY.

Huge Seizure of Explosives the Most Notable Celebration of Red Sunday.

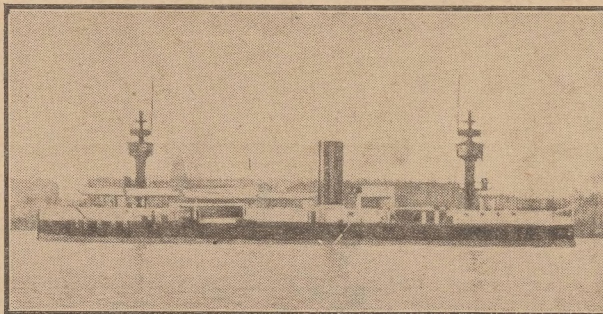
The anniversary of Red Sunday has passed off without any violent disturbance.

In Warsaw, Lodz, and other cities, the factory operatives struck work as a mark of sympathy with the victims of last year's slaughter.

Police activity has led to the discovery of a number of well-equipped bomb factories, and a large quantity of dangerous explosives. In all, eight laboratories and bomb factories, 258 unfilled bomb cases, about 2,000 pounds of powder, and more than 400 pounds of dynamite were discovered, as well as a large number of cartridges, 100,000 of which were found in the Moscow station of the Moscow-Riansan Railway alone.

At Ekaterinoslav two trucks containing cartridges and dynamite, together with rifles, revolvers, swords, bayonets, and a signal gun were seized, and in the Protokot factory in Moscow three improved English machine-guns.

BRAZILIAN IRONCLAD AQUIDABAN BLOWN UP.



By an explosion in the powder magazine the Aquidaban sank off Jacarepagna. Three hundred officers and men perished.

"MR. AUSTEN'S" POLLING DAY.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain Votes for His Son.

FIVE Highbury ELECTORS

"Mr. Austen's" election day was the busiest day that Highbury has experienced for years. A shoal of telegrams, wishing good luck to the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, arrived almost before the servants were up, and soon afterwards the postman walked up the drive with a mail-bag, even heavier than that which he had to carry on the morning on which Birmingham was congratulating itself that "Our Joe" had been returned by a greater majority than ever.

"Mr. Austen" rose at ten o'clock—hours earlier than he has risen for weeks—and braving the pangs of sciatica, prepared himself for a fifty-mile drive round his constituency.

Highbury—the only house in East Worcestershire which the Liberals had left uncanvassed—sent five voters to the poll, and, needless to say, that meant five votes for "Mr. Austen."

MASTER AND MAN VOTE.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his coachman, Parrott, voted together. The man drove a pair-horse brougham up to the house at half-past ten, and then the master stepped in and rode away to the council schools in School-lane, Moseley.

Arrived opposite the school, Mr. Chamberlain threw away his cigarette and turned to his coachman.

"Parrott, are you going to vote?" he said. "If so, come in with me."

So Parrott left the horses in charge of the footman and entered the polling-booth with his distinguished master. As he did so, a saucy boy shouted, "Vote for Morgan."

Then Mr. Chamberlain and his coachman drove home—the former to prepare his evening speech for Halesowen and the coachman to convey electors to the poll.

The third Highbury elector to poll was "Mr. Austen" himself. He arrived in a four-cylinder motor-car ten minutes after his father had left, and limped painfully into the booth. Then, accompanied by Miss Chamberlain, his favourite sister, who has been speaking for her idolised brother at more than one of his meetings, he drove round East Worcester at the full legal limit.

WEARIED BY HANDSHAKES.

"Mr. Austen" and Miss Chamberlain covered twenty-five miles before one, and then returned to Highbury for lunch. The invalid rested on a couch for half an hour or so, and then limped back into the motor-car to be whirled away to Redditch, Bromsgrove, and other parts of the constituency.

The *Daily Mirror*, for whose photographer Mr. Austen Chamberlain posed several times yesterday, discovered during the tour that the younger Chamberlain is as popular in East Worcester as his father is in Birmingham. The Union Jack colours which stand for Chamberlainism in the district were flying everywhere, and cheers accompanied the invalid candidate as, warmly clad in a fur coat and wrapped in bearskin rugs, he visited his committee rooms.

"My hand was nearly shaken off," he said afterwards, "and I am tired almost to death."

Soon after he left Highbury in the morning a four-in-hand coach, followed by three Lancers which wore red, white, and blue colours, arrived in the hope of being allowed to drive Mr. Chamberlain on his round, and the "whip" almost cried when he learned that he was too late.

Mr. John Morgan, the Liberal candidate, also drove his wife and daughter across the division during the day, but their welcome was not nearly as enthusiastic.

Indeed, if East Worcester turns against "Mr. Austen" after thirteen years it is likely to be so surprised when the result is declared to-day that it will never vote again.

"Still," as Mr. Morgan remarked after his drive, "you never can tell."

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

H.M.S. Dominion, bearing the body of the late Mr. Prefontaine, Canadian Minister of Marine, has arrived at Halifax (N.S.).

A wealthy young Turk, of Salonika, has been seized near that town by Greek brigands, who demand a ransom of £15,000 (Turkish).

Mr. Cooper, in his first balloon ascent at Wolf City, Texas, fell 2,000 feet, and was killed, yet, according to Laffan, the only bone broken was in one of his wrists.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Variable or north-westerly breezes; fair and cold in the south; cloudy, with slight sleet or rain, in the north; foggy in the Midlands.

Lighting-up time, 5.30 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth generally.

CRICK TUNNEL MYSTERY.

Dead Girl's Uncle Dissatisfied with the Official Investigation.

CONVINCED OF FOUL PLAY.

If it is possible to elucidate the mystery of the tragic death of the young Frenchwoman, Mlle. Lillie Yolande Marie Rochaid, whose mangled remains were found last Thursday in the Crick Tunnel, near Rugby, Count Joseph Rochaid, her uncle, will do so. He told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he was very dissatisfied with the investigations of the railway and other authorities, and will spare no effort in attempting to probe the mystery himself.

Last evening the remains of the poor girl, who was only eighteen years old, were brought to London, and thence conveyed to Southampton, where they await the final stage of the sad journey to her father's home at Dinard, in Brittany.

The facts established at the inquest—briefly summarised—were as follows:—Mlle. Rochaid was returning from Dinard to St. Mary's Priory, Princethorpe, and was expected at the convent on Thursday afternoon. When the 2.45 train from Euston reached Rugby at 4.47 the door of a second-class compartment on the platform side was seen to be open. Subsequently Mlle. Rochaid's dead body was found in the Crick Tunnel.

Representing Her Father.

Count Joseph Rochaid has visited the scene of the tragedy, and has also been at the Priory and at Rugby since Friday.

He expressed his firm belief yesterday that it was not by accident that his niece had met her death. With difficulty controlling his emotion, he said: "I don't think much of the investigation which has taken place along the railway line, and I am far from satisfied with it. I am here to represent her father, but no person has been to see me. The doctor should see me. I might have something to say to him. The railway detective told me he was going to write seventeen sheets of a report, but I would rather have less paper and more facts. "When it was found that such an affair had happened, the compartment should have been sealed, and the officials should never have let outsiders inside it, nor should they have sent the carriage away north of Rugby before the most minute investigation had taken place. I am going to trace it down—find out who was on the boat with her, and have it all cleared up. Visiting the assistance of the French Embassy and Scotland Yard I fully expect to throw some light on the terrible happening."

Miss de Breuil, the Priorese of St. Mary's, will not entertain the theory that Mlle. Rochaid had fallen asleep in her compartment, and, waking, opened the door while in a half-dazed condition. "She had travelled a lot," Miss de Breuil told the *Daily Mirror*, "was used to this journey, and always kept a cool head, though she was a girl who would be very frightened should any stranger treat her with disrespect."

An excellent photograph of Mlle. Rochaid appears on page 9.

M. DE FERAUDY IN "BRICHANTEAU."

French Comedy at the New Royalty a Triumph for Author and Actor.

"Brichanteau," the four-act comedy which M. de Feraudy has founded on M. Jules Claretie's novel of that name, was last night at the New Royalty—when it made its first appearance on any stage, the "premiere" in Paris having been postponed—a triumph alike for the actor and the author.

The story is slight, but interesting; its comedy natural, its deeper emotion profoundly touching. M. de Feraudy was an ideal Brichanteau. He received excellent support, especially from Madame de Saint-Phar, who played the part of Fanchette with great charm.

Mr. Arthur Boucher revived the old favourite comedy, "Brother Officers," in a renovated form at the Garrick Theatre last night.

As John Hinds, V.C., Mr. Boucher was excellent, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh looked and acted daintily as the Baroness Roydon.

LUCKY RECOVERY FROM HILDA WRECK.

From the wreck of the Hilda, off St. Malo, the trunk of Major Price has been recovered, with an insurance coupon for £1,000 from one of Lett's diaries.

Although the company states that claims should be lodged within fifteen days of the accident, the General Accident Insurance Corporation made an exception of this case and paid the money.

It is estimated that the prosecution of the "Music Pirate King" and his associates has cost the country nearly £10,000.

NOVEL DRESSING-ROOM.

Miss Kate Cutler's Lightning Transformation in a Motor-Car.

From to-night onwards Miss Kate Cutler will have to "hustle" as no actress has "hustled" before her.

To-night she will have to change her costume in a special motor-car, fitted as a dressing-room between the Gaiety Theatre and the Palace Theatre in Shaftesbury-avenue, and later on she will make a second change in the car between the Palace and the Gaiety.

This is why she is doing it. Mr. Alfred Butt, manager of the Palace, could not secure anyone to fill Miss Cutler's part in the one-act absurdity, "Hero and Heroine," which was put on at the Palace last night.

Miss Cutler was playing in "The Spring Chicken" at the Gaiety. What was he to do? He consulted Mr. George Edwardes, who generously offered to let him have Miss Cutler, provided she was willing and able to do two changes, travel to and fro between the Gaiety and the Palace, and play her part in the fifty minutes or so that she is off the Gaiety stage.

Miss Cutler agreed. To make things as easy as possible for her, Mr. Butt offered to place a covered automobile at her disposal, fitted as a dressing-room, in which she could change her dress between the two theatres.

To-night she will effect two quick changes in the motor-car, and this approximate time-table shows how Miss Cutler will have to hustle.

8 p.m.—Miss Cutler goes on Gaiety stage as Baroness Papouche in "The Spring Chicken." She is in the first act finale when the curtain falls at 9.30, and at 9.35—She dashes out to the waiting motor-car, starts for the Palace, and changes her dress on the way.

9.45—Arrives at Palace (finishing touches in the wings).

9.50—Dress on stage ("Hero and Heroine" plays about twenty-five minutes).

10.15—Leaves stage and hurries out to motor-car.

10.18—Starts back to Gaiety, changing en route into a fresh costume.

10.30—Makes her entrance in her second act costume with Mr. George Grossmith, jun.—Breathless!

The curtain falls on "The Spring Chicken" at about 11.15, and Miss Cutler is in the finale.

JANUARY WEATHER FREAKS.

Raging Snowstorm at Chicago, While People Swelter Under Summer Sun at New York.

Extraordinary weather variations are being experienced in the United States.

One of the severest snowstorms that have visited the city for years is raging in Chicago, says Reuter, the city being practically cut off from the outside world.

In New York, however, says Laffan, people are being prostrated by the heat. They are rushing in thousands to their favourite resort, Coney Island, and enjoying bathing in the sea. At Pittsburgh the thermometer stood yesterday at 74.

Snow fell in the English Midlands yesterday, and in the south people shivered in biting cold winds.

DANCING PRESIDENT.

Castro, the Fierce and Frolisome Venezuelan, Exhausts the Patience of the U.S.A.

President Castro, of Venezuela, has added to the sum of his iniquities by insulting the United States of America.

A "Matin" telegram says the President left his capital of Caracas in order to avoid meeting Mr. Russell, the American Minister in Venezuela. As a result he has forfeited any possibility of American protection from French vengeance which he might otherwise have possessed.

President Castro, if he had to furnish his own biography for "Who's Who," would set down his favourite recreation as dancing. When he gives himself up to this amusement he leaps, gesticulates, swings his arms, and cuts "pigeon-wings" with marvellous agility.

THE QUEEN'S GIFT TO THE MIKADO.

Queen Alexandra's present to the Emperor of Japan, conveyed by Prince Arthur of Connaught, is the latest portrait of herself with her pretty Japanese dog Togo on her knee.

When Prince Arthur of Connaught, on his way to Japan, landed at Aden, the town was illuminated in his honour.

RICH MEN'S HUMBLE BRIDES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—Mr. Leroy Fay, of Boston, and Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, jun., of New York, both wealthy men, says the "New York Herald," have been married to poor working girls.

Mr. Fay's bride was Miss Jennie Murphy, a native of Canada and a servant. Mr. Sanborn's wife was Miss Mary de Courcy, a stenographer.

TRAM CAR WRECK.

Thirty Injured by a Terrible Accident in Liverpool.

GIRL'S FIRST-AID.

People in Lecece-street, Liverpool, near the centre of the city, stood transfixed yesterday morning when they saw a great "double-decker" electric tramcar, crowded inside and outside, rush headlong to destruction down the steep declivity of the thoroughfare. The inevitable catastrophe occurred, but, fortunately, although the list of injured reached the large total of thirty, no one was killed.

The brakes failed to act when the descent of the declivity was begun, probably owing to the greasiness of the rails, and soon the car, its speed accelerated every instant, was flying downwards at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

It was laden with about seventy people on their way to work. A large number of them were girls, and screams of terror arose. None dared to leap, so swift was the rush of the car, and helplessly they awaited their fate.

Then there was a terrific crash, as the car at the foot of the street jumped the rails and dashed into a row of iron posts placed there to protect some shops, toppling over a complete wreck.

An agonising chorus of shrieks and moans arose. Two or three men, their faces streaming with blood, raised themselves through the shattered window-frames and painfully tried to extricate themselves.

Prompt Aid from a Lady.

Help came quickly, a young nurse, Miss Henshaw, throwing off her cloak, among the first of the rescuers, and from twenty to thirty policemen rushing to the scene.

To their surprise they found no one was killed. From the heap of debris and injured passengers they drew two men, one with a fractured skull, and three women, who were unconscious. The others, about thirty of whom were suffering from broken limbs, broken ribs, scalp wounds, and shocks, were gently lifted out and carried into an adjacent coffee tavern, pending the arrival of ambulances.

Of the thirty, several were taken home in cabs; the others were conveyed to infirmaries and hospitals, where, according to the latest intelligence, they are progressing favourably.

ESPERANTIST "WE ARE SEVEN."

Happy Band of New M.P.s Who Speak the Universal Language.

Esperanto, the new universal language, already claims seven adherents in the Parliament now being elected.

How robust is the new language was shown by Mr. W. T. Stead, presiding last night at the third annual meeting of the London Esperanto Club. Whether Mr. Asquith would in his Budget put a sum aside for instruction in Esperanto, Mr. Stead could not say, but he thought the Liberal Government would fail in its duty if it did not use all its power to promote brotherhood.

It was foolish for English people to rely on their language being understood abroad. In Saratoff recently he found more people who could speak Esperanto than English.

TO DEMOCRATISE PERSIA.

Fearful of Public Discontent, the Shah Agrees to Create a Representative Assembly.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The following advices have been received here from Teheran:—

"About 1,000 merchants and mullahs recently left the city in order to protest against the government of the Shah, and proceeded to the village of Shah-Abdul-Azim."

"With a desire to avoid disorders and bloodshed the Shah effected a compromise with them on the basis of the convocation of a representative Assembly elected by the mullahs, merchants, and landowners under the presidency of his Majesty."

"The Assembly is to be known as the 'House of Justice,' and is to exercise administrative and legislative powers."—Reuter.

"POT AND KETTLE" LITIGATION.

"A case of the pot bringing an action against the kettle and the kettle bringing an action against the pot" was Mr. Justice Bigham's summary of a cross-slander action before him in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Mr. Justice Grantham, dealing at Carlisle Assizes with a case in which a man's crime was established by his teeth marks in a piece of cheese, observed to the jury that when they started to eat a portion of cheese they should always finish it.

MR. HOLYOAKE DEAD.

Veteran Chartist Who Won the Liberty of the Press.

Among his many claims to remembrance George Jacob Holyoake, the well-known Chartist and journalist, who died at Brighton yesterday in his eighty-first year, will go down to history as the man whose stubborn opposition to the Newspaper Stamp Act, was chiefly responsible for its repeal.

This tax—the last of the heavy old fetters on the march of knowledge—was still in existence in the early 'fifties. Holyoake started a paper, and ran it unstamped until he had accumulated a debt of £260,000 to the Treasury. Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, applied for payment, and Holyoake genially offered one shilling a month. It is said that he gravely continued to send in this rather fragmentary instalment until, some time later, the tax was abolished.

The freedom of speech and printing we now enjoy, and much of what is called "the emancipation of woman," were in great part Holyoake's achievements. He was also the inventor of the term "Jingo" as a political nickname.

It is not generally known that the famous light over the clock tower of the Palace of Parliament, which tells the metropolis when the House of Commons is sitting, was set there by Mr. Holyoake's suggestion.

A curious circumstance was the number of cab accidents in which Mr. Holyoake figured. He was never seriously injured, but the accidents occurred so thickly that he at last developed a horror of cabs, and would not enter one. An accident company in which he had been insured found him to be a "risk" that it decided to renew his policy.

Mr. Holyoake's remains will be cremated at Golders' Green.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT FROGMORE.

Their Majesties Attend Service at the Mausoleum Where Lies Victoria the Good.

An impressive memorial service, attended by the King, the Queen, and the members of the Royal Family at Windsor, was held at Frogmore Mausoleum yesterday, fifth anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria, the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating.

His Majesty has erected a beautiful stained-glass window at the Mausoleum in memory of the late Queen. Under the window, on white marble, is an inscription, stating that "In pious memory of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, this window is dedicated by her devoted and sorrowing son, Edward R.I."

Queen Alexandra had already erected her personal memorial, consisting of a large bronze statue of the Saviour, with an inscription, "to the best and greatest of Sovereigns and the kindest of mothers-in-law," on the pedestal.

TEN MEN TOWARDS A MILLION.

Workless "Processions" a Grotesque March to London for the Opening of Parliament.

Mr. Gibbons, the organiser of the march of the unemployed who are to tramp from Lancashire to London in time for the meeting of Parliament, has high hopes of accomplishing something unprecedented in the way of workless processions.

Although he has started from Liverpool with only ten men he is sanguine of gathering reinforcements all along the route until, when they reach London, they will number the gigantic total of one million.

The start was not a very propitious one, for between Liverpool and Manchester a fierce blizzard prevailed, and reduced the pleasures of pedestrianism to a minimum.

When Manchester was reached the citizens did not display much enthusiasm over the little contingent headed by a wheelbarrow, on which drooped a much-soaked red flag.

TESTIMONIAL FOR MR. CHAPLIN.

A proposal has been made in the Steadford Division to make some public recognition of the services rendered to Lincolnshire during the past thirty-seven years by Mr. Chaplin.

It is stated that many members of both parties would gladly support such a movement.

MAY READ THEIR OWN OBITUARIES.

Some of the crew of the steamer Petunia, which arrived at Falmouth yesterday, having been given up as lost, may read their own obituary notices in American newspapers.

The Petunia started from Dorian for Bordeaux many weeks ago, and last Saturday was unaccountable.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT.

Mr. Robert N. Stephens, part-author of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," the comedy produced about two years ago at the Imperial Theatre by Mr. Lewis Waller, has died at Bournemouth.

\$50,000 FOR AN ACTRESS'S NAME.

Mrs. Brown-Potter Explains Why She Cannot Accept Less.

PIQUANT NEGOTIATIONS.

There are two Mrs. James Brown-Potters in the field. The original Mrs. James Brown-Potter, the well-known actress now appearing at the Coliseum, is one of them. A private lady, who was known until recently as Miss May Hardy, of Baltimore, is the other. She is Mr. James Brown-Potter's second wife, and she wants the privilege of being the only lady who can bear his name.

Accordingly, her solicitors, Messrs. Honey and Keith, recently sent a representative to the solicitors of Mrs. Brown-Potter the actress, Messrs. Wootner, with a view to arranging the matter.

Messrs. Wootner treated the affair purely as a matter of business. They pointed out that to the actress the name was of infinite value, that it was, in fact, her trade-mark, and that for her to replace it by any other name would amount to professional suicide.

Asked if their client would make it a matter of money, Messrs. Wootner replied that Mrs. Brown-Potter the actress would consent to forego her right to the name for the sum of £50,000. Messrs. Honey and Keith are considering the offer on behalf of their client.

The Actress Interviewed.

"Those are the facts of the case," said Mrs. Brown-Potter the actress, interviewed in her dressing-room at the Coliseum by the *Daily Mirror*. "I have asked £50,000 for my name, and I shall certainly take nothing less. My name to me is everything. It's like 'Holloway's Pills,' or 'Colman's Mustard,' or 'Pearl's Soap.' Take away the name and what is left? As Shylock says: 'You do take my life if you do take the means whereby I live.'"

"Mrs. Shylock," suggested the *Daily Mirror*, "might not be a bad name. Why not take it?" "I would take that, or any other name, at the price named," said Mrs. Potter with a smile. "But I don't expect the price to be paid, or to hear any more about the matter; £50,000 is a very large sum, and although there is a great idea to the contrary, especially on this side of the Atlantic, my former husband is not a wealthy man. I shall be Mrs. Brown-Potter to the end. I am sorry if it annoys the other lady, but no other course is possible."

PITIFUL VICTIM OF RED-TAPE.

Mrs. Seddon Still in Prison Through Too Literal Reading of Order for Release.

It is believed that the delay in the liberation from Holloway Prison of Mrs. Marian Seddon is due to prison red-tape.

She and her husband attempted suicide at Mortlake together, but while the man died his wife recovered, and, according to the law, was held guilty. The Salvation Army was made instrumental in preventing the death sentence being carried out, and arranged that on her release she was to be cared for by the army.

The chaplain of Holloway Prison, however, works in conjunction with the Church Army, and Mrs. Seddon changed her mind in favour of that institution.

It now appears that on account of Mrs. Seddon's release being conditional upon her going to the Salvation Army her change of plans has made the original order void.

CLAY "BLANKET" FIVE FEET THICK.

Danger to Workmen in New Rotherhithe Tunnel To Be Averted by an Elaborate Expedient.

Owing to the danger of water breaking through the bed of the Thames into Rotherhithe Tunnel, where many workmen are engaged, the contractors applied to the Conservancy Board for permission to deposit a blanket of clay 800ft. long, 40ft. wide, and 5ft. deep, over the site.

It was decided yesterday that the Lower River Committee should take back the recommendation pending a conference with the engineers.

To the opinion that the contractors ought to have gone to a greater depth, and not have sought to be so economical, Sir John Macdougall replied that the tunnel was for traffic, and the gradients must not be too steep.

JUDGE'S PLEA FOR BREVITY.

Rebuking a barrister, who opened a case at length yesterday, Judge Snyly, at Shoreditch, said: "We are so overcrowded in the county courts with work that the Judges have no time to spare on anything that is unnecessary."

ROYAL SNAPSHOTS.

Celebrities Provide a Striking Collection of Pictures Taken by Themselves.

The *Daily Mirror* has arranged to publish an extremely interesting series of photographic masterpieces by living celebrities, and the first—a beautiful picture by Lady Kelvin, wife of the great scientist, appears on page 8 to-day.

These snapshots, taken by famous men and women all the world over, have been collected by the Kodak Company, and are being exhibited at their premises in the Strand.

The idea of asking distinguished users of the Kodak to supply specimens of their work was a happy one, and the readiness of the response—320 negatives were sent—has allowed the promoters to give striking illustrations of the tastes, and in some instances of the adventures, of interesting people who make "snapshotting" a hobby.

Prominence is, of course, given to the work of the Queen and Princess Victoria, who have graciously sent a collection.

The Duc d'Orleans recalls his Arctic expedition with a fine panoramic view of the Nordenskiöld Glacier, Spitzbergen; Prince Khilkoff transports us to Siberia with his picture of a "Sledge on Lake Baikal"; Sir Frederick Treves gives us a peep at the Palace Moat of Mandalay; Miss Rider Haggard shows us the doorway of the Temple of Queen Hadasoo at Luxor; and many more testify in like striking fashion to the ubiquity of the Kodak.

Among the home pictures that catch the eye are a striking portrait of Lord Kelvin, taken by Lady Kelvin, and a study of a venerable tree, taken in his Hampshire home at Hurstbourne by Lord Portsmouth.

HANDCUFF KING'S EARNINGS.

Complains That Assistant Neglected Him for an Artist Who Played Eight Banjos at Once.

"Handcuff kings" are accustomed to slip easily out of tight places, but yesterday one of them, Mr. Frank Hilbert, found the legal fetters of the King's Bench Court V. too difficult to elude.

"The king" was sued by another king, Mr. George James William King, a gentleman who claimed to have been engaged by King No. 1 to play the part of showman in a "double turn."

King No. 2 said that the agreement was made in 1904, but not carried out, and that he was entitled to half King No. 1's earnings for the last two years.

King No. 1 retorted that King No. 2 was being financed by Houdini, a third "king," and that King No. 2 had also broken the agreement by appearing in a "double turn" with a gentleman who could play eight banjos all at once.

Cross-examined, King No. 1 was forced to admit that he sometimes earned £25 a week.

The jury decided that King No. 2 was entitled to a share, and judgment was postponed for the amount to be arranged if possible by mutual consent.

COINERS' FEROCIOUS WATCH-DOG.

Thrilling Experience of Police Officers Who Raided Suspected Premises at Night.

Detectives who made a raid on a house in Bessborough-road, Ilford, at night had a very warm reception, the details of which they related to the West Ham magistrates yesterday.

They went to arrest Charles Saxton, Frederick Bush, and Rose Saxton, who now stand remanded on a charge of being concerned in the manufacture of counterfeit coin.

Directly Detective-sergeant Baker arrived the woman called to her assistance a dog, who made a furious onslaught on Baker, and would probably have badly injured him but for the timely intervention of Detective-sergeant Eustace.

An inspection of the premises revealed the presence of a plant for the manufacture of counterfeit coins.

£48,000 FOR ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

St. Thomas's Hospital benefits to the extent of nearly £48,000, practically the whole of the estate of the late Mr. John B. Davidson.

The will was disputed, and as the disputant, a sister, was a lunatic, the hospital authorities have set aside £10,000 for her support.

BREAD-AND-WATER DIET AT SEVENTY.

Amongst the applicants for advice at Lambeth Police Court yesterday was an old man, who asked Mr. Hopkins whether a workhouse master could put a man over seventy years of age on a bread-and-water diet continuously until he agreed to do the work demanded by the labour master.

Mr. Hopkins: I don't know. I have no power over workhouse masters. You must go to the Local Government Board and Mr. John Burns.

ROVING HUSBANDS.

Tales of Adventure Enliven Divorce Court Dreariness.

"PRISONER OF WAR."

Monday's customary crop of undefended divorces, tried yesterday by the President, brought to light some curious phases and incidents of married unhappiness.

One of the unhappiest stories was that told by Mrs. Winifred Parry, whose home is in Kilburn. Her husband turned out to be the sort of man to whom the term "adventurer" aptly applies. His taste for adventure led him to enlist shortly after the marriage.

When he returned home after foreign service his roving spirit prevented him from staying with his wife more than a week. In the spirit of misguided seeking of critical situations he wrote a letter to a woman with whom he had a liaison enclosed in a letter to his wife. The latter opened the missive to the other woman.

Among the adventurous exploits of Mr. Parry that followed was one that caused him to be arrested for false pretences.

Why He Wrote.

Occasionally he communicated with his wife—to ask her for money to finance his quests.

Finally, he was so venturesome that he married a young Irish woman named Margaret McCartney. This exploit caused him to be prosecuted for bigamy.

"When he left the dock," said his wife, who was a witness against him in the bigamy case, "he turned to me and remarked, 'Good-bye, Winnie.'"

A decree was granted in this case. Almost equally "cool" was an American gentleman named Chandler, said to be connected with Harvard University, against whom his wife obtained an order for restitution of conjugal rights.

After proceedings were taken against him he wrote to her asking her to forward his razors. Apologising for the shortness of his note, he added that "there is nothing more important to tell you, anyway."

His wife's strange manner puzzled John Thompson McCubbin, another petitioner, after he had got home safe from thrilling adventures in the Far East.

Echo of the Far East War.

When the steamship Oldiamia was seized by the Russians, McCubbin, being one of the crew, became a Russian prisoner. Home in England again, he naturally wished to tell his neighbours and relations of his narrow escapes, but his wife objected to his going out.

Subsequently he found out why she was annoyed that he had not warned her by telegram of his arrival, and why she did not wish other people to talk to him. The reason was a Mr. Taylor, on account of Mrs. McCubbin's relations with whom the Court granted her husband a decree.

An attempt was made during the day to extend a precedent established by the late President of the Court in the "Constantinidi case." Sir Gorell Barnes was asked to exercise the discretion of the Court and grant relief to a husband of a guilty wife, who had himself been guilty, his guilt being induced by his wife's infidelity. His Lordship's answer was unfavourable.

ELECTION EGG THAT COST 5s.

Impaired the Beauty of a Policeman's Helmet, While Its Age Defied Arithmetic.

The time-honoured election egg has at last made an "appearance" in the police court. The egg was responsible for Harry Cleavland, of Teddington, being fined 5s. at Spelthorne Petty Sessions. It was used at the declaration of the poll in the Uxbridge Division on Friday, and Police-constable Tyler said that the missile struck him on the helmet.

Chairman: Do you say that he threw an egg at you?—I don't know who he threw it at, but I got it. You see (holding up his helmet) it spoils the look of it.

Magistrate: What was the age of the egg? The constable thought for a moment, but, with a far-off look in his eye, declined to commit himself to a definite statement. Mr. Cleavland's excuse for throwing the egg was that he had just before received a carrot at the back of his neck.

LADY VIOLET WATT APPEALS AGAIN.

The Press Association is informed that notice of appeal has been lodged by Lady Violet Watt in regard to the verdict of £2,000 given against her for libel at the instance of Mrs. Julia Watt.

The Rev. John Archibald Dunbar-Dunbar, formerly Rector of Loches, Forfar, a great authority on natural history and postage stamps, has left his collection of stamps to the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.

LIGHT ON HOTEL TRAGEDY

Husband's Story of Impulsive Wife Who Killed Herself and Children.

An inkling of the cause of the pitiful tragedy of the West End Hotel, in Arundell-street—where Mrs. Milner, of Burgess Hill, Sussex, was found dying, with her children, suffocated by gas fumes, at her side—was given at the inquest yesterday, when the husband, in broken tones, related his domestic history.

Mrs. Milner, a handsome woman, met her husband, a horse owner and dealer, about eleven years ago, when she was a girl of nineteen. They lived together, being married later.

They were an affectionate couple, but the wife, after her husband sold some of his stud, appeared to be haunted by the fear of being left unprotected for with the two children.

When a man came to inspect some furniture with a view to purchase, she told her husband, "If you sell the furniture I shall go."

The next day her boxes were packed. She would not tell him where she was going, and he did not press his inquiries; for she was impulsive, and they had had "hiffs," though never quarrels.

So Mrs. Milner set out on her last journey. Her resolve was evidently taken. But before she put the children to bed on the fatal night she took them to see "Peter Pan." Perhaps the mother thought it well that the last thoughts of her little Gladys and Harry should be about the little boy who never grew up, but remained the guardian angel of little children whose mothers had let them get lost.

She bade farewell to her husband in a letter. "I am sure it is all for the best," she wrote, "because only having yourself it will not be such a struggle for you. I could not say good-bye to you. . . . With fond love, your affectionate wife."

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder and Suicide.

YOUTH'S VISIONARY £5 NOTE.

Simple but Daring Trick Successful with Many a Trusting Shopkeeper.

"Wanted at London, Wolverhampton, Leicester, Bedford, Nottingham, and many other places for fraud," was the description given of Henry Cox, a twenty-one-year-old clerk of Camberwell, by the Chief Constable of Northampton, at which town Cox was accused of an ingenious system of fraud.

This young man, who has a frank, open face and dresses in the height of fashion, has been victimising the tradespeople of Northampton. He would go into a shop, say he was a member of the Y.M.C.A., order a quantity of goods, and ask for change for a £5 note. So impressed were the shopkeepers by the engaging candour of the youth that when he said he would go for "that note," they allowed him to take the goods and the change, and he quite forgot to return.

Cox was yesterday sent to prison for three months' hard labour.

COAL TRADE'S MANY PROFITS.

Consumer Must Recompense at Least Four Persons Before He Can Replenish His Cellar.

Mr. Shearman, K.C., threw some light upon the coal trade when opening yesterday in the High Court a case in which Mr. Harry Elijah Bond, coal merchant, of High-street; Leyton, sued the Digby Colliery Company, Limited, for damages for libel, the company counterclaiming for slander.

Learned counsel observed that the ordinary household consumer must not imagine that when he bought coals he was buying them from the person who got them direct from the mines.

A good number of people made profits—the coal company, the agent, people known as factors, and the coal merchant. In buying a ton of coals all these people had to make profits, which were, of course, paid by the consumer.

It was urged that the defendant company had been striving to suggest the plaintiff was insolvent. Hearing adjourned.

My Happiest Hour.

The collected opinions of well-known men and women of the time. . .

SEE THIS MONTH'S

Now on Sale LONDON MAGAZINE 4½d.

WORKLESS MEN IN CLOVER.

Happy Little Colony of Unemployed
at Holliesley Bay.

BILLIARDS AND FOOTBALL.

Publicity has been given recently to statements that the unemployed who have been sent to the Holliesley Bay Labour Colony, in Suffolk, have been subjected to extremely harsh treatment, and that life there has been made unendurable for them.

Belief in these allegations gained strength from the fact that a number of men deserted from the colony. It was by no means so generally known that these men begged to be taken back only a day later. In order that the public might be put in possession of an unbiased account of the conditions actually prevailing, the *Daily Mirror* dispatched a special representative and a staff photographer to Holliesley Bay. As a result we are able to-day to illustrate, by the pictures which appear on pages 8 and 9, life at the colony, concerning which our special representative gives the following extremely interesting particulars:

PHILANTHROPIC SCHEME.

The colony, he writes, embraces a farm of 1,300 acres, and was formerly a training college for young men intending to try their fortune at agriculture in the colonies.

Only ne'er-do-weells could rebel against the conditions at Holliesley, and further explanation is unnecessary when it is stated that the dissatisfied men were those who refused to conform to the most elementary code of cleanliness. The genuine unemployed demands work, and at Holliesley it is given him, while the burden of anxiety as to the welfare of his wife and family is lifted from his shoulders. While he is at the colony they are allotted a sum of ten shillings a week. Moreover, each man is allowed three days furlough a month, and receives his return fare to London.

COTTAGES FOR THEIR WIVES.

And it is intended that the man's separation from his family shall only be temporary. Already cottages which will provide accommodation for 150 families are in course of construction on the estate. When these conditions take effect life on the colony will indeed be ideal.

Meanwhile, the men work under conditions which many labourers in large cities must envy. They have neat dormitories and washrooms, comfortable dining-rooms, spacious lecture-rooms, and an excellent football field. Two billiard-tables, a skittle-alley, bagatelle, and other amusements are provided, and if one may judge from their contented appearance there are few happier communities than that in existence at Holliesley Bay.

The men rise at six o'clock, breakfast consisting of porridge, tinned fish, or bacon, and bread, and butter ad lib. Work starts at seven, and a quarter of an hour after noon the dinner is ready, when the men have meat—often soup—and potatoes and other vegetables, with various kinds of puddings. About 5.30 p.m. tea is ready, and till recently at 9.30 p.m., bread, cakes, and cheese have been supplied.

ADVENTURES OF A DISC.

Mysterious Discovery of a "Daily Mirror" Taken
Two Years After Its Disappearance.

"Bring this disc to the *Daily Mirror* Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C., and you will receive the sum of One Pound."

A small leaden disc, rather larger than a crown-piece, and bearing this inscription, was casually dropped nearly two years ago, at a time when



similar *Daily Mirror* discs were being sought for all over the country, and, like all the others, it was dropped where it could easily be found.

Yet this disc has only just been found. A working man, Albert Dockrell, was unloading a truck of refuse on a railway siding at Dartford, Kent, the other day, when he unearthed it.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Harry Sewell was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment at Clerkenwell yesterday for being intoxicated while driving a motor-car.

Lord Strathcona, late High Commissioner for Canada, arrived at Euston yesterday from New York; he does not intend to visit Canada again.

The Senior Mathematical Scholarship at Oxford University has been won by A. Holden, of Balliol, and the Junior by A. Billen, of University College.

In the period covered by the recent religious "revival" the Baptists claim that they received 25,242 converts, while the Calvinistic Methodists claim 8,092.

The overheating of a furnace at the L.C.C. school in Blackstock-road, Finsbury Park, yesterday, caused an outbreak of fire, which was, however, quickly overcome.

Some of the unemployed who were summoned at Bow-street recently and granted time to pay their fines were arrested during a meeting on Tower Hill, yesterday, and taken to prison.

Originally estimated to cost £17,750, the 2,330 tons of rails required by the L.C.C. for their northern tramways will probably be bought from a Rotherham firm, whose quotation is only £16,055.

Owing to the boom in copper the purchasers of an old warship discarded by the Admiralty realised several times the amount they paid for the vessel from the sale of eighty tons of copper fittings and sheeting taken from the hull.

Considering that the Thames drains 3,900 square miles, the recent floods were, according to Lord Desborough at yesterday's meeting of the Conservancy, dealt with more expeditiously than those in any other valley in England.

REMARKABLE DEFEAT AT 'ROMFORD.



As an instance of a sensational change of opinions among voters, Mr. Louis Sinclair's previous Unionist majority of 3,062 at Romford has been turned into a defeat by 8,855.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have received £1 from a Sarnham schoolgirl.

Thirteen was the mature age of a boy who, through a mistake, voted in East Antrim.

The Hilda relief fund started by the Mayor of Southampton amounted yesterday to £7,175 16s. 1d.

Mr. J. O. Andrews, late member for Barkston Ash, was only elected in October last, and never took his seat in the House.

Stepney Guardians have vetoed a proposal to give an ounce of tobacco a week to workhouse inmates of sixty-five and over whose conduct is satisfactory.

Mr. H. B. Irving contemplates a London season which shall include several of his father's repertoire plays, and hopes to secure Drury Lane Theatre for the performances.

Marylebone Borough Council have decided that any sanitary inspector entering a public-house and "treating," or drinking with, builders or others shall be liable to instant dismissal.

For the audiences at the New Royalty Theatre during the season of French plays an admirable English synopsis is now provided, enabling the poorest linguist to enjoy the performances.

The London County Council Electric Supply Bill passed the preliminary stage in the House of Commons yesterday, when the Bill was ordered by the Examiner of Standing Orders to be reported for first reading.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Sir Ernest Bickham Sweet-Escott, K.C.M.G., Governor of British Honduras, to be Governor of the Leeward Islands, in succession to Sir Courtenay Knollys, deceased.

The present week's performances of "As You Like It" will be the last at the St. James's Theatre, owing to the impossibility of securing any further lease. Messrs. Lely and Mollison are endeavouring to secure the use of another West End theatre for the continuance of the run.

A severe reprimand has been given to the person in charge of a barge laden with cordite for the War Office, which, a fortnight ago, was found lying off Woolwich with the cabin fire alight.

The 150th performance of "The Blue Moon" will take place to-morrow evening at the Lyric Theatre.

During two days' fishing in the River Tay, Mr. F. A. Dubbs has caught twelve salmon, weighing 204lb. in all.

The 16th (the Queen's) Lancers will hold their annual commemoration of Alival (Sikh campaign) at the Holborn Restaurant next Saturday.

Middlesex County Council have applied to the Local Government Board for permission "to hold gifts of objects of interest found in or relating to the county."

Mr. George Annesley Grindle, of Westminster, a victim of the Hilda disaster, left estate worth £6,062 10s. He died intestate, and administration was granted yesterday to his widow.

In the Thames, off Blackwall, yesterday the Faversham barge *Pontour* collided with an outgoing steamer, and the captain of the barge, John Alson, of Rochester, fell overboard and was drowned.

The Armstrong College (Newcastle) Council decided yesterday to establish a Chair of Electrical Engineering, and to offer two scholarships of £125 a year each, also voting £2,600 towards new laboratories.

Two distinguished Roman Catholic families were linked together by the marriage at Cardiff yesterday of Lieutenant Walter Petre, R.N., son of the late Sir George Petre, K.C.B., and Agnes Marie Cadz, daughter of Captain Eugene Cadz.

NEW CONSERVATIVE LEADER.



During Mr. Balfour's enforced absence from the House of Commons Mr. Akers-Douglas will lead the Conservatives. He was Home Secretary in the late Ministry, and sits for East Kent.

Sir Edward Grey will be absent from town, and therefore, unable to hold his usual reception at the Foreign Office to-morrow.

Eighty-five guineas reinsurance had been paid on the Liverpool sailing ship *Ednyfed*, which arrived at Boston, yesterday, having been 115 days in the Atlantic.

In the destruction by fire, yesterday, of Gosberton Grange, in the Lincolnshire Fen district, damage £1,500 was done, though most of the furniture was saved.

Rochford (Essex) Guardians have given the porter and matron of their cottage homes permission to marry, in order that they may take up a post where a married couple are wanted.

Damages of £50 for injuries sustained through the falling of a shutter were awarded in Shoreditch County Court yesterday against a defendant shopkeeper, who, it was stated, was an imbecile.

International Plasmion, Limited, have obtained a perpetual injunction restraining Plasmionade, Limited, and others, from selling any preparation under any title of which "Plasmion" forms part.

The London County Council School of Marine Engineering at Poplar, to be opened to-morrow, is designed to give instruction in marine engineering, naval architecture, navigation, and allied subjects.

Interesting developments at the Robert Browning Social Settlement, Walworth, are the starting of a magazine called "Fellowship," by a number of Cambridge University men, who have taken up work at the settlement, and the establishment of a number of cottage homes for unmarried needlewomen.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's mail steamer *Trent*, which left Southampton last Saturday for the West Indies and New York, has, after calling at Cherbourg, put into Plymouth with steering gear out of order, where the passengers have been landed, and are awaiting the arrival from Southampton of the special mail steamer *Magdalena*.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Ocho Stuart. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Mat. Every Wed. and Sat. at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Terry) open 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 Gerrard.

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Strand. Lessee and Manager, CHARLES FROHMAN. TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8, HARRY LALOR'S FANTASIES. BELLALINE TERRISS and SEYMOUR HICKS. Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel. 2315 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. THURSDAY NEXT, Jan. 25th, at 8, And Every Evening.

NERO. By Stephen Phillips.

FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY, Jan. 27th. And Every following Wednesday and Saturday. Box Office (Mr. Watkin), 10 to 7. No fees. Tel. 1777 Ger.

IMPERIAL. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, THE HARKQUINING. By R. Lother, adapted by L. N. Parker and S. Brinton. LEWIS WALLER, Miss EVELYN MILLER, MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE. Dean-street, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. THEATRE FRANCAIS. Director—Mr. Gaudin Meyer.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, TO-MORROW, at 2.15 and 8.30, positively last performances of M. de Feraudy in LES AFFAIRES FRONTALES. TO-MORROW, at 2.15, M. de Feraudy in LES AFFAIRES FRONTALES. THURSDAY NEXT, 8.30, First Appearance of Monsieur SILVAIN, Sociétaire de la Comédie Française, Monsieur FENOUX, de la Comédie Française, Madame SILVAIN, de la Comédie Française.

Jan. 25, 26, 27, 29, LE PERE LEBONNARD. Jan. 30 and 31—LOUIS XI. MATINEE, Jan. 27—LE PERE LEBONNARD. SPECIAL CLASSICAL MATINEE, Jan. 31. Molière's MISANTHROPE, preceded by La source sur l'air de dire des Vers, given by M. Silvain.

ST. JAMES'S. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, WILLIAM MOLLISON and LILIAN BEATHWAITE. LAST 2 MATINEES TO-MORROW and SAT., 2.30.

WALDORF THEATRE. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE Lessee, the Messrs. Shubert.

TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 9 o'clock, a New Comedy, THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLEDNER, By Sidney Bowkett, in which Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss WINIFRED EMERY will appear.

Preceded, as usual, by THE PARTIKLER PET. By Max Maurey, adapted by Edward Knoblauch, in which Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and EDWARD GAUTIER, FIRST MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

Box-office, 10 to 10. Telephone, 3930 Gerrard.

WYNDHAM'S. CHARLES WYNDHAM. Nightly, at 8.55, Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 3. "CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," by H. H. Davies. Charles Wyndham, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Mary Moore, at 8.30. "The American Widow," Doors open 8.10 and SOUVENIR NIGHT, NEXT MONDAY.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE THEATRE. DAILY 7.30, Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, ROBINSON CRUSOE. Popular Prices. Free Booking. MATINEES MON, WED, SAT., at 2. Children half-price.

COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS. THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY. Mrs. BROWN-POTTER, Miss MABEL LOVE, Miss MADGE TEMPLE, etc. PRICES, 6d. to 2 Guineas.

LONDON HIPPODROME.

"AMONG THE STARS," "FISHING CORMORANTS," ANNETTE KILLERMAN, "THE BULLDOG," "THE LADIES," "PSYCHOLOGIST'S DOGS," HERSCOW, SISTERS URMIA, DELBROS, COLE, DE LOSSE, DU LOU, LUKU, MA FROEPE, LAYATER, LEP, RINALDOS, MEZZETTIS, THE NOVELLOS, THE AUBORAS, THE HARDINS, ALICE, LORETTE, THE PISCUITIS, etc.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1906.

"CROWNERS' 'QUESTS.'"

"CROWNERS' quest law" has been a subject for jesting ever since the days of Shakespeare. The gravedigger in "Hamlet" has a rare dig at it. If Shakespeare came to life again to-day, he would find little change in this respect. The modern coroner and the modern inquest offer the satirist as good opportunities as ever they did in centuries gone by. They still stand, after 400 years, badly in need of reform.

The more one considers the perfunctory investigation into the heart-rending death of the pretty young French girl on the London and North-Western Railway, the more futile do the proceedings appear. Clearly an effort ought to have been made to get evidence as to how she passed her time in London between arriving at Waterloo and leaving Euston.

Someone must have seen her leave the one station. Someone must have seen her arrive at the other. Probably she took a cab. She certainly sent a telegram. Was there anyone with her in the telegraph office? Did she lunch at the station? If so, was she alone?

Had she had any trouble at home during the holidays which could possibly have made her thoughts turn to suicide? Was she cheerful on her journey from France, or depressed? Did the train stop in the tunnel? Could she possibly have imagined it had reached a station and have stepped out to meet death by misadventure?

It is most disquieting to read of the haste and apparent unconcern with which the inquiry into this strangely mysterious affair was disposed of. Not merely was this one poor girl's death in question; thousands of women watch such cases and tremble to think of taking railway journeys alone. Every unsolved mystery adds to the nervous misery of such solitary travellers, and to the anxiety of their friends as well.

There have been other cases lately in which coroners and coroners' juries have notoriously failed to hold sufficiently searching inquiries. To mention names would inflict unnecessary pain, but there is no harm in saying that one of these cases was the Charing Cross Station disaster inquiry. That certainly left in the public mind feelings of extreme dissatisfaction.

Why should the task of inquiring into "unnatural deaths" be given to doctors? It is work for trained legal investigators. Medical evidence is required, of course, but there is no reason whatever for continuing to draw coroners from the ranks of medical men. Indeed, the reasons are all against it.

The law itself admits that the verdict of a coroner's jury has no value. In cases of murder or manslaughter the evidence given at the inquest has to be repeated, every word of it, in another court before the accused can be committed for trial.

Why do we go on with coroners' inquests, then? Everyone knows how utterly unnecessary (as well as unsavoury) their proceedings usually are. An assortment of ratepayers, most of them looking about as intelligent as a leg of mutton, sit bewildered by the gabble of policemen and the incoherent stammer of other witnesses, and return verdicts upon drowned men and dead babies at the rate of half a dozen an hour.

We have also seen from recent instances how utterly coroners' inquests fail when they have to deal with cases which it really is important to clear up. Why, then (once more), do we go on with them? Because they are among the "institutions of the country." Because we have a far greater respect for custom than for common-sense. Because they were first established in 1275!

How can you expect a "practical" Englishman to tamper with a system which has existed for close on 650 years? H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is no more pernicious teaching than that man cannot perfect himself by his own efforts. A man need only persuade himself he cannot do something he has to do, and he will indeed be unable to do it.—*Tolstoi*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SO Mr. Akers-Douglas, during the temporary absence of Mr. Balfour from the House of Commons, is to be leader of the Opposition. He has had an unusually continuous experience of the work of party organisation, but as far as mere eloquence goes—in all that concerns the art of verbal thrust and parry—he will be a leader of the type of the late Mr. W. H. Smith and Sir Stafford Northcote, whose efforts to withstand their great political enemy, Mr. Gladstone, were hampered by their inability to meet his speeches with good effect in the House.

Mr. Akers-Douglas was appointed Senior Whip to Lord Salisbury's first Government of 1885—"the Ministry of Caretakers," as it was called. In 1886, when Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule drove him out of power, Mr. Akers-Douglas took up the work again, and continued it steadily until 1892. He was scarcely ever away from the House of Commons during all that time, took part in hundreds of divisions—never, in fact, missed one except during a few weeks illness, which kept him in bed—and he has sometimes said that only the iron constitution bequeathed to him by his ancestors enabled him to support the strain of getting

the "world's end." What the figure is, or the place, or the solution of the mystery, is never known, for the story ends abruptly. Now Dr. Charcot and Count de la Vaux are setting out to prove to us, very likely, that there is nothing at all mysterious about the South Pole, and to suggest that a motor-boat service should at once be run to it.

Dr. Charcot has determined to avail himself of Count de la Vaux's balloons, and all his other air vehicles, during the expedition which is to start in June. Presumably the party, then, are well financed, because Count Henri's inventions, although "the best that can be had for money," are unavoidably expensive. It was asserted that his projected trip in a balloon over the Mediterranean cost £23,500, and ended, after all, in failure.

The mention of aerial navigation reminds me that Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of telephones, kites, and other ingenious toys, has been prophesying that this problem "will be solved soon," and that people will soon be able "to dine in Nova Scotia and breakfast the next morning in London." But who really wants to do anything so absurd? Do we not, as it is, have to rush about quite enough? Are not physicians com-

KISSES IN ELECTION CONTESTS—WHAT OUR ARTIST THINKS.



At the conclusion of one of the meetings held by Mr. Macmaster, candidate for the Leigh Division of Lancashire, several ladies insisted upon kissing him. What kind of "ladies" can they have been? The kind who never had a chance of kissing anybody before, our artist imagines.

to know the strength and weakness, together with each fact or opinion, of every single member of his party.

There is a story to the effect that a stranger to the House once asked a member why Mr. Akers-Douglas always went about without a hat—even in the draughty lobbies. "He does that because he lives here," said the member, which was only a slight exaggeration. It ought to be remembered, by the way, that Mr. Akers-Douglas, who has held the office of First Commissioner of Works, was largely responsible for the widening of Piccadilly, the completion of the South Kensington Museum, and other London improvements, of which the last, though not perhaps the happiest, was the Queen's Memorial in St. James's Park.

Dr. Charcot's proposed expedition to the South Pole is exciting the imagination of all Paris—the city always on the lookout for something new. The South Pole is certainly a romantic spot—the only really mysterious place left, after all, in a world where everything has been so thoroughly explored, written about, and even overrun with railways. By the South Pole, or in the ice-covered sea around, perhaps the gods themselves may have taken refuge from the invading materialism and matter-of-factness of to-day.

That, at least, was the suggestion conveyed in Edgar Poe's wonderful story of Arthur Gordon Pym, in which the hero and his friend drift slowly down in their frail boat into an incomprehensible white country, where white birds fly from beyond a mysterious veil, where everything is perfectly white, and a snowy figure sits to receive them at

plaining that the ridiculous and unnecessary hurry of modern life is largely responsible for many modern diseases?

Imagine the clouds of tourists that would fly about, and penetrate into the most solitary places! Imagine, too, the things that would be dropped on our heads—hot coals, orange peel, ginger-bread bottles, and the rest—not to mention bombs, if Anarchists and madmen took it into their heads to use the new invention. And imagine, worst of all, the horrors of wars fought in the air with the dead and wounded dropping about beneath the fighters. The very prospect of anything so horrible as an airship sets one earnestly praying that the builders of them, like the builders of the tower of Babel, may be incapacitated by some ingenious device of Providence from getting on with their work.

M. de Féraud's new play produced, for a single performance, at the Royalty Theatre last night, was from a well-known novel by M. Jules Claretie, who had gained a reputation as a man of letters before he ever became director of the Comédie Française. In this latter capacity he has succeeded well, though much of his literary work is colourless, insignificant. During his term of office at the Théâtre Français, M. Claretie has had most terrible trials to undergo.

First, there was the burning down of the theatre, which gave him an unpleasant shock. He had, besides, to deal with the crisis that arose in the government of the theatre a propos of the right, claimed by the *sociétaires* or chief members of the company, to assist in the choice of plays.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

LABOUR AND THE ELECTION.

Please allow me a little space to say how heartily I agree with Frederick Morrison's views. He has struck the right note—this tide of Liberalism is a wave of insanity.

What else can we term it when the men who have been complaining of the state of trade and lack of employment for years past forsake the party that has done so much for them, and vote for a Government that is pledged to Home Rule, free trade, and the repeal of the Aliens Act? Kenish Town. ALFRED E. TURNER.

Mr. Morrison is evidently of opinion that the rich man is the proper person to send to Parliament. I am one of those who view with delight the increase in the number of Labour M.P.s.

Money has so long governed this great country of ours. By this I mean to say that, in my estimation, the worst of the Labour members now being sent up are at the very least as intelligent as the average moneyed M.P.—in many cases more so; while their leaders are certainly far ahead in this respect, and, indeed, for sound common sense (a quality sadly lacking in numbers of the upper classes), have no superior in the country.

Yes, the working man of England will "open his eyes to the truth"; indeed, is now doing so; and he does not intend to adopt tariff reform in order to keep him from starving. HERBERT BALL. Fairfield-road, Chelmsford.

FAMILY LOVE V. PATRIOTISM.

"Any substitute for marriage would destroy the family," says Dr. Saleeby. But is the family such an ideal organisation?

The founder of Christianity had no very great respect for the family. He told His disciples that the claims of religion far outweighed family ties, and urged them to leave all and follow Him, whatever their relations might say.

The glorification of the family increases enormously the sum of selfishness, and decreases love of country. The Japanese put patriotism first, family affection second. They win their wars and beat great nations.

We mander on about the family and have no patriotism. We can only just manage to muddle through wars with little, tiny nations. How does Dr. Saleeby account for that? C. B. DE V. Gloucester-square, Hyde Park.

THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION.

We have nothing but election news from morn till night now. Some of us will be glad when it is all over.

But do we ever give this a thought: All our life is the nursing of a constituency (of morals)?

Each one of us, rich or poor, old or young, is being watched by certain of his fellow-beings. His policy is being followed by some of them.

Our policy must be one of two—for Christ or the devil. Are we studying the masses, and helping them to Christ, or are we striving for personal pleasures, and leading them to the devil?

The time is coming when before the Great White Throne the result of our labours, good or bad, will be announced, and we shall be elected either for God's House or cast out before all.

St. Albans.

WM. G. H.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS'S VIEW.

Apocryph of the burning question of religious teaching in our day schools, may I draw your readers' attention to the fact that some few weeks ago the Herts County Council decided not to provide pianos (most necessary for teaching drill and singing, especially in infant schools), on the ground that a new qualification would be required from teachers, that is, "musical ability"?

Why should religious instruction be the only subject which does not require a qualification? The logical outcome (and the real one, in the long run) will be that religious teaching will be banished from our day schools altogether.

A VOLUNTARY SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Watford, Herts.

RIFLE SHOOTING IN SOUTH LONDON.

It may interest you to hear that there has been an underground rifle range (twenty-two yards) in the crypt of St. John's Church, Waterloo-road, in constant use for five years.

The target used is that for the twenty yards' range competition of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs. The range is maintained in order to instruct the lads of the St. John's, Waterloo-road, Company of the Church Lads' Brigade.

Lambeth Palace-road, S.E. H. A. DOUGLAS.

IN MY GARDEN.

JANUARY 22.—The red shoots of the "bleeding heart" have appeared above ground. This is a charming plant for garden decoration, although it is, perhaps, seen oftener in the greenhouse. There are many other cheerful sights in the garden to-day. The bright green of the Oriental poppies has been noticeable for a long time, while buds can now be seen nestling in the doricium foliage.

A few wallflowers are already shyly blooming, and many others, though less forward, are making healthy growth now. Snowdrops, in wild masses they look most beautiful. E. E. T.

NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

£50,000 WANTED BY MRS. BROWN-POTTER FOR HER NAME.



Mr. Brown-Potter having married again, his second wife has inquired from the celebrated actress what she will require to abandon the name by which she is so well known and adopt another for stage purposes. Mrs. Brown-Potter's reply is £50,000. On the right is a portrait of the Mrs. Brown-Potter, the actress, and on the left Mr. Brown-Potter and his second wife.

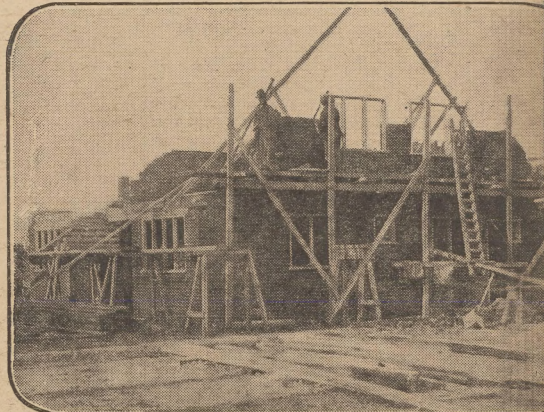
"DAILY MIRROR" SERIES OF SNAPSHOTS BY LIVING CELEBRITIES.
No. 1.—LORD KELVIN, BY LADY KELVIN.



On this page will be printed from day to day photographs which are not only interesting in themselves but by reason of the prominence of the wielder of the kodak. The first is a portrait of the famous scientist, Lord Kelvin, taken by Lady Kelvin.

HOW SOME OF THE QUEEN'S UNEMPLOYED FUND IS BEING SPENT.

Purchased by Mr. Joseph Fels for £31,000, the 1,300-acre farm at Holles Bay, Suffolk, has been handed over to the committee of the Queen's Un-



Colonial House, in course of erection, for men intended for emigration.



The men at dinner. Standing up is Mr. Crossland, the under-manager of the colony.



Poultry rearing is a

MEMBERS OF THE NEW PARL



Mr. George Henry Finch, re-elected for Rutland, is now the father of the House, with thirty-nine years' service for one constituency.



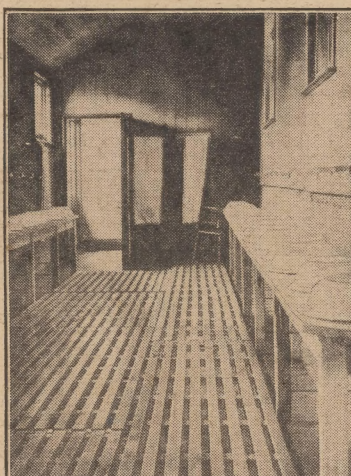
Sir C. Mark P. Division of D. year, and the



played Fund for a period of three years free, with option of purchase. Started in March with twelve men, there are to-day 190 men at work.



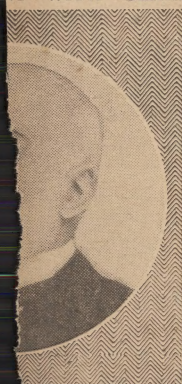
One of the pretty thatched cottages for small holders of four acres.



of Hollesley Bay. View of houses.

View of one of the washhouses at the farm colony for the unemployed.

NT WITH CLAIMS TO DISTINCTION.



Mr. D. Macmaster, K.C., Unionist for Leigh Division of Lancashire, was kissed by ladies at his meetings.—(Elliott and Fry.)

lected for the Jarrow in his eighty-fourth year of Parliament.

CAMERAGRAPHS

VICTIM OF THE TUNNEL MYSTERY.



Mlle. Lillie Yolande Marie Rochaid, aged eighteen, whose mangled remains were found in the Crick Tunnel, near Rugby. She had travelled between Dinard, near St. Malo, to St. Mary's Priory, Princethorpe since the age of eight, except on one or two occasions, quite alone. She was returning to the convent after her holidays, and a coroner's jury have returned an open verdict, her death being an entire mystery. Her father is the owner of the Hotel Windsor, Dinard.

VIEW OF THE WRECK AFTER THE HAVERSTRAW LANDSLIDE.



Through brickmakers digging clay from under a hill at Haverstraw, New York, a landslide took place, by which twelve houses fell eighty feet into a pit. Twenty persons were buried in the ruins shown in the above photograph.—("New York World.")

You Can Begin Our New Serial To-day.

THE BROKEN LAW.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

Author of "Dacobra," "Love, the Criminal," "Love at a Price," etc., etc.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

GEORGE CRAWSHAY, a wealthy bachelor of forty, had just left an enormous estate, who had told him he had two more months to live. Crawshaw had spent the last ten years in an endeavour to take vengeance on a man who had betrayed his step-sister, and he had failed completely; he did not even know the man's name. As Crawshaw sat gloomily contemplating his long and useless search, he was interrupted by

SIR RICHARD GAUNT, a brutal, unscrupulous man of evil reputation. Crawshaw told him of the result of his interview with the specialist, and also of the search he had been making for the man on whom he longed to be revenged.

Then he made a proposition that amazed Gaunt. He knew the importance of the spendthrift, and offered him £30,000 on condition that he undertook to hunt down the man and ruin him after he (Crawshaw) was dead. But Gaunt, unscrupulous as he is, would not consent to this monstrous scheme.

Rakehell Gaunt gave a dinner at his flat. **LORD CARFAX** and George Crawshaw were his guests. The men had all been drinking heavily. A quarrel arose, in which Gaunt killed Lord Carfax.

Gaunt was horrified at what he had done. But Crawshaw, drawing him aside, told him that he (Crawshaw) would say he committed the murder—if Gaunt would consent to the scheme already proposed to him, and hunt down the man he wants to be revenged upon. This Gaunt swears to do.

Crawshaw is arrested for manslaughter and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He dies in prison, leaving Gaunt £30,000.

Then Gaunt discovers that the man he has sworn to ruin and hunt down is the state of well known to him. In fact, it is Sir Richard Gaunt himself.

He feels relieved at once. His task is over. The idea of ruining himself he regards as absurd. He becomes engaged to

LADY BETTY DRAKE, but owing to ill-health, he is advised to take a sea voyage, so he sails for Australia. The steamer is wrecked, and Gaunt is picked up by some Arabians belonging to a little coast settlement on the border of the desert. Here, for many months, he lives a simple, hard-working life among the natives.

CHAPTER XV.

Hamil.

One evening, when the sky was ablaze with blue and crimson and gold, a small black speck crawled over the horizon and moved slowly towards the oasis by the sea.

Sir Richard Gaunt, seated on a hummock of sand, watched the approach of the caravan with hungry eyes, and when the darkness blotted out everything but the stars, he still waited, and stared across the hidden plain.

Behind him in the settlement there was a faint stir of excitement. On ordinary nights everyone would have been asleep an hour after sunset, but to-night the men talked together in low, measured voices, and the women twittered like sparrows. High up on one of the palms flared a rude lamp—a piece of twisted cotton rag planted in a bowl of fish-oil. It flickered and smoked as the faint night breeze came up from the sea, but it gave enough light to serve its purpose. It was set as a beacon to guide the caravan across the desert.

He had much to occupy his thoughts as he watched there on the border of the great sand ocean. He had not yet decided whether to stay in the desert, or whether he ought to return to civilisation. He realised all that he owed to his present life. If it had not effected a radical change in his morals, it had at any rate given him a sound mind and a healthy body. And these ought to lay the foundation for a better life. But was he yet strong enough to resist temptation? Here in the desert, with hard work to do from morning to night, he had no time for pleasures, and even if he had the time there was no means of indulging in them. He knew that any attempt to make love to the wife of his companions would result in the death of himself and the woman. He had lived a pure life, but he was sensible enough to see that he could not have well done otherwise.

But the return to civilisation, the glamour of the old life, the sight of beautiful women—that would be the test. Would he be strong enough to stand it? Six months in London might reduce him to the old level. His brain and body would deteriorate. He would revel in the joy of the first few months, but after that—he shuddered as he recalled what he had been before he had left England. He remembered the razor at his throat, the revolver at his forehead. In that former life of his there had lurked the terror that he could not stand. Here, at any rate, there was peace and safety. He seemed to have passed beyond the reach of George Crawshaw.

After a long mental struggle he decided that he was not yet strong enough to return. He realised that he still longed for the pleasures of his old life, and the mere fact that he desired them indicated the danger of returning while he was in this state of mind. His brain was true to a certain extent he had subdued his desires, and every month they grew fainter and more indefinite. But they had not been finally conquered, and he resolved to remain in the desert for another year.

And then he came to the question of Lady Betty Drake. The change in his mental attitude towards all the world had been complete, and he was marked change in his feelings towards the woman who loved him. She had once been merely a possible income for the future, but he had now come to regard her with almost superstitious reverence, and he could not make up his mind whether it would

be better to let her think of him as dead, or whether he ought to let her know the truth.

The solution of this problem would have been simple if he had loved her. But his feelings were only those of regard for a noble woman. It said much for the change in the man's character that his thoughts were now for her happiness, and that he had no intention of marrying her for her money.

Yet this view of the matter only introduced fresh complications. It would be easy enough to return and marry her, and try to lead a new life. But if he did not intend to marry her, would it be better to let her think of him as dead, or to let her know the truth?

The question of sending this message by the caravan involved several other considerations. If he was to be counted as dead, his brother Henry would take his place at Gaunt Royal. His appreciation of virtues which had hitherto only bored him had not included an admiration for Henry's particular merits, and the prospect of suddenly rising from the dead and turning him out of his inheritance was not altogether an unpleasant one.

But he soon dismissed all such trivial thoughts from his mind. There, in the great solitudes of the wilderness, it was impossible to plan tricks like a spiteful schoolboy. He knew that he had to do that which was right. This much, at any rate, had he learnt in his adversity.

He decided to write to Lady Betty, and send the letter by the caravan. And then, in a year's time, he would return himself, and play a man's part in the busy world, which now seemed as far away from him as the moon itself.

Here, at any rate, was peace. He turned his face away from the desert and watched the only signs of life in that vast solitude of sand and sea. The flare of the lamp seemed only to intensify the darkness. A few small figures moved in a band of light between two vast shadows. The murmur of voices came to his ears like the sound of wind in the trees. Was there ever a place so well designed by God to keep a man unspotted from the world?

Then suddenly there came a call from the silence of the desert, and an answering shout from the group of men under the trees. And at once the whole settlement hummed like a hive of bees. Men came forward with flaring lamps, and the women's voices rose to shrill cries of excitement. But Gaunt listened for other sounds that he expected to hear from the desert, and soon he heard the soft thud of hoofs on the sand and the voices of men.

He rose to his feet and retreated before the advancing line of camels. Then, as the first arrival came into the light, he stood aside to let them pass. The huge, ungainly beasts lumbered past him, and he counted them. Sixteen in all, and perhaps a dozen men, but he could not see in the faint light. The sight fascinated him. It was wonderful to think of the distance they had plodded across the trackless waste of sand. They seemed to bring with them the breath of civilisation. In a vague, ridiculous way he thought of a hansom. These ugly beasts were the sole connecting link with the daily life of London.

As the last three passed him, abreast, and not in single file, the faint odour of some perfume came to his nostrils. It recalled more vividly than any words could have done the hothouse life which he had cast behind him. It was strange, startling, out of place in the pure air of the desert. It suggested, in some subtle manner, the temptations which he was still afraid to face.

He turned and followed the caravan and stood by the side of his companions under the trees. Lights flared on all sides, and there was the grave ceremony of welcome. A young swarthy fellow with a keen, hawk-like face came forward and embraced each of his brothers with ludicrous solemnity. Then he threw himself at his father's feet, and received a blessing. The whole scene was quaint and almost Biblical, and in the flare of the lamps it was really picturesque.

"So that is the son," Gaunt said to himself. "What about the wife?"

Ben Asan returned to the camels, and no one moved; then once more he came forward, with a woman. Her face was veiled up to the eyes, but her form was slender and graceful. Gaunt regarded her with interest. A woman who would voluntarily exile herself in the wilderness for love of a man must be a woman of character. The other women in the settlement had done so, but then they were desert-born and desert-bred. This one had left the life of a city and followed her husband into what was little better than a tomb. Sir Richard Gaunt moved a little closer to the man patriarch, and watched the husband and wife prostrate themselves on the ground. One of the sons stood behind his father and held aloft a flaming torch. The whole scene was as clearly cut as a cameo. The old man mumbled something and raised his hands.

Then the two, still hand in hand, rose to their feet, and the young man uttered a single word. "Hamil!"

The onlookers took up the cry, and the air rang and echoed with the word "Hamil." It came in full-throated chorus, and then was repeated by

(Continued on page 11.)

ARE YOU DEAF

If so, fill in the following list of questions and send them, with your full name and address, to Professor G. Keith-Harvey, 117, Holborn, London, E.C. You will then receive by return, Gratis and Post Free, one of the most interesting Booklets ever written on the subject of Deafness and noises in the head, together with a full description of an entirely new self-applied method which has already effected thousands of marvellous cures.

One of the most recent, and certainly one of the most remarkable, is that of Mr. W. J. Miller, 10, Grove Street, Glasgow, who writes, January 13th, 1906. "After suffering for nearly forty years from severe Deafness and noises in both ears, I am pleased to say that careful attention to your instructions has completely restored my hearing. I had previously tried practically every remedy in the world without success."

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.

1. What causes your Deafness?
2. Have you noises in the head or ears?
3. What do they resemble?
4. Are the noises constant or intermittent?
5. Was Deafness sudden or gradual?
6. Do you suffer from nasal or throat Catarrh?
7. Does your hearing vary with changes of the weather?
8. Can you hear a watch tick more distinctly if pressed against the forehead?
9. Can you hear better in a noise, as when travelling by Train or Omnibus?
10. Is there any ear discharge?
11. Can you hear a watch tick?
12. How far from right ear?
13. How far from left?
14. How long have you been deaf?
15. In which newspaper did you notice this announcement?

Name (in full)

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address (in full)

Age

Occupation

To PROFESSOR G. KEITH-HARVEY,
117, Holborn, London, E.C.

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But you must taste, to know how good it is—**FAR-NORTH Salmon and Shrimp Paste** is unlike any other fish food, and its flavour and freshness will delight you. Excellent for sandwiches, on toast, at lunch and tea-time, &c.

6d. per pot. All Grocers and Stores, or with name and address of Grocer who cannot supply you to **FARQUHAR, NORTH & CO.**, Shenley Street, S.E., and a pot will be sent you post free, together with name of nearest Grocer who can supply you.

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THE MONEY MARKET.

Gloomy Feeling About Prospects of the Transvaal Properties.

GAMBLE IN COPPER.

CAPEL COURT, Monday Evening.—It was the mining carry-over to-day, and there was scarcely a kick left in the Kaffir market. Paris sold. There was not much adverse in the matter of carry-over rates. Some of the Barnato ring seemed to be talking gloomily about Chinese labour costs, and, at all events, there is a feeling that there is not much chance of public business. The granting of the Transvaal Constitution also caused flat Kaffirs. But, apart from the gloomy tendency of Kaffirs, there is not much to complain about in the mining sections.

There has been a sharp lift early in the day, for instance, in the Victorian deep lead group, now that the water has been got out of some of the properties and there is a chance of working. The West African market keeps up very well, and, on the whole, there is not much to complain about elsewhere. The Broken Hill gamble was resumed.

The other day there was a disappointing Gas Light and Coke dividend. It is known that the electric-lighting companies have not done over well during the past few weeks. There is a dull tendency for the electric-lighting group as a result.

LONDON DOCKS SET-BACK.

And now comes even a worse disappointment for the holders of another great trading security. The London and India Docks Deferred dividend proved to be only 12 per cent., against the very meagre 21 per cent. expected. It is a very jolt, partly explained by the bad state of the trade with Russia and partly by the fact that the trade revival does not allow so much to be stored in the warehouses of the Docks. Dock Deferred stock had a nasty tumble to-day of about £8 to 53.

The gilt-edged investment group is not particularly happy. There is nothing the matter with it beyond the knowledge that a large number of new loans are awaiting a chance of issue on the slightest provocation. The high money rates in Lombard-street, however, seemed to keep Consols dull. The stock closed unaltered for the day at 89 15-16.

CONFIDENCE IN HOME RAILS.

A great deal more confidence is now felt in the Home Railway position as a result of the most cheering dividend announcements. They are all fully up to expectations. The South-Eastern re-tilt, giving 41 per cent. per annum, was quite up to the market hope, and so was the Lancashire and Yorkshire distribution, at the rate of 41 per cent. per annum, to-day. It is evident that a large amount of the gross receipts must have been retained in nett by the railways. So there is a more hopeful feeling, and though just before the carry-over prices were inclined to droop, the market as a whole was quite good. The Charing Cross and Dover "A" decidedly firm at one time. The Charing Cross roof accident has evidently been paid for out of reserve—at all events, for the most part.

American Rails were rather wild. Canadian Rails, on the other hand, were rather dull. There was talk of floods in Argentina, which affected some of the Argentine railways. On the other hand, there seemed to be efforts to work up a small "boom" in Mexican Rails and there were not wanting those who were equally sanguine about Nitrate Rails.

SHAKING OUT THE WEAK SPECULATORS.

The Copper share situation is particularly interesting. After the prolonged rise in both copper and copper shares, the recent "bear" onslaughts were a perfectly natural outcome, and their success depends upon whether they can manage to shake some of the weak speculators for the rise out of their holdings. Certainly a decided gamble has been encouraged. To-day the tendency in these shares was rather dull. Peruvian issues were active on the talk of a possible reorganisation scheme. The gamble in Provincial Cedula seems to have received a check.

There is not much sign of recovery in the Brewery group, thanks to the Liberal successes at the polls. But the market is talking in more sanguine mood again about the Nitrate group's possibilities, and several shares are higher.

TELEPHONE MONOPOLY IN LONDON.

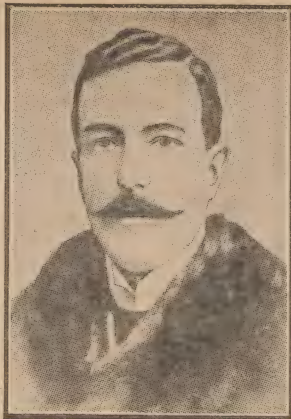
Parliamentary Inquiry Advocated to Ensure and Stimulate Competition.

Friends of telephone reform in London are looking forward to an early parliamentary investigation into the present service.

"When Parliament meets," said Mr. A. R. Bennett, consulting engineer to all the corporation telephone services in this county, to the *Daily Mirror*, "steps will be taken, I hope, to bring to its notice the bad effects of monopoly in London."

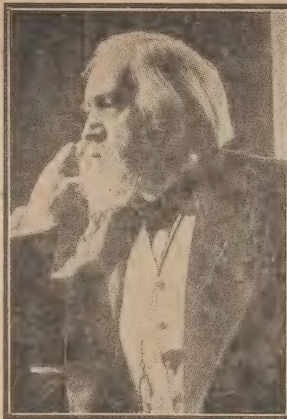
"The Post Office Exchange was brought into existence expressly for the purpose of competing with the National Telephone Company, but it has joined hands with that company."

SIR JAMES MILLER DEAD.



After only a few days' illness, Sir James Miller has succumbed from pneumonia. He was a member of the Jockey Club and the owner of the famous Derby winner, Rock Sand.

FATHER OF CO-OPERATION.



Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, a one-time Chartist, who fought a remarkable fight for the freedom of the Press, and founded the co-operative movement, died yesterday at Brighton.

THE BROKEN LAW.

(Continued from page 10.)

voice after voice, and then after a pause there was an echo of the name in the distance.

Sir Richard Gaunt kept his gaze fixed on the woman's face. He could see nothing but the eyes and the broad, low brow, and the gleam of dark hair. Then the eyes looked at his steadily and without shame, and as he encountered the look a sudden fire seemed to scorch his body, and the blood leapt through his veins, and every nerve tingled. He turned on his heel and strode away into the darkness.

He had seen that look in a woman's eyes before.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Great Solitude.

Four days afterwards the caravan departed, bearing Sir Richard Gaunt's letter on the first stage of its long journey to England.

The letter was short, and did not concern itself with details. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Betty,—You will be surprised to learn that I am still alive. I shall not return to England till next year. I am at present in the Desert of Arabia, learning to be a man. Please forget me, for I am not worthy of you. I only wanted to marry you for your money. I have been cruelly punished, and at last am able to see things clearly. I look up to you now, as one who is far above me. I wish to repay you for all you have done. I can do it best by keeping out of your life. I work now from morning to night, and am contented. If I did not work, I should starve. It is dull, and I have no pleasure but rest. Still I am content, and my health is good. Between you and me lie a thousand miles of sand, and all the journey from the nearest port to England. Perhaps you will think me a brute for writing like this. But I am at least honest. And always remember this: I am learning to be a man.—Yours, in all reverence and affection, Dick Gaunt."

This letter, sealed, and made as imposing as possible with wax and tassels of silk, was committed to the charge of the ancient and honoured leader of the caravan. Sir Richard Gaunt produced four golden English sovereigns, and at once purchased the goodwill of the bearer. It was understood that the letter was of the highest importance, and that it was to be taken by a regular route to Port Said, and then to be stamped and posted to England.

As Gaunt watched the line of camels fade to a thin thread, and then to a small speck on the horizon of sand, he sighed and wondered if he had done right. He had, at any rate, acted from unselfish motives. Thus he returned to his work and had no more time to think of England.

He was surprised to notice that one of the camels was left behind. In the life of the desert these animals played as important a part as railways in England. It was easier to imagine the Great Western leaving an engine as a present to some obscure village in Gloucestershire than to comprehend a gift of such startling magnitude.

On inquiry he learnt that the new bride had wept so long and copiously for the animal which had carried her into captivity that Ben Asan had purchased it at a fabulous price. It was of no possible use, and was even an encumbrance, for it consumed food and water. But to Hamil it was a link with civilisation, and she took exercise on it daily, as a lady might drive in the park. Gaunt laughed when he heard about it. This Hamil, of the dark eyes, was evidently destined to be the new woman of the desert, the pioneer of strange, unfeminine actions.

In a few weeks' time, however, he began to take a most undesirable interest in this woman, who had come so strangely into the desert from the world beyond. He had only heard that she was beautiful, for he had never seen more than her eyes and forehead. But there was no doubt about the voluptuous grace of her form. It was also evident that she took some interest in him. She never passed him without looking him boldly in the face, and more than once she had spoken to him.

On these occasions his reply had been of the curtest, and, to do him justice, he tried to avoid her as much as possible. But the mere sight of her was sufficient to quicken the blood in his veins, and the sound of her voice vibrated through every nerve. In some manner, which he could hardly explain, he was afraid of her.

It says much for the change in the man's character that he found no pleasure in the spell which the woman had cast over him. He knew well enough that she had marked him down as her prey, and that she was only waiting for an opportunity. He had seen that much in her eyes. But he did not respond to her glances, and fear was the predominant emotion in his heart. He took good care to avoid any opportunity which might prove the weakness of his armour.

But Fate had decreed that his strength should be tried to the utmost. One day he slipped on the fishing-boat, and injured his knee-cap so severely that he could not walk. The injury necessitated rest, and, in consequence, he was left behind in the camp, while all the other able-bodied men went out to sea.

Then one evening he lay down close to the fresh water spring at the edge of the oasis, and thought of this new problem that had entered into his life.

It was near sunset, but the heat had not yet retired. The sky was a flaming splendour of violet and crimson and gold. The desert beyond was a rich ochre, and its very desolation was beautiful. There was no sound to break the silence but the bubbling of the spring.

Then there were soft footsteps, and, looking round, he saw Hamil, with a jar upon her shoulder. She had come out alone to draw water from the spring.

She did not speak as she came close to him, but he could see her smile, though only her eyes and forehead were visible. It was the smile of one who is going to triumph.

He looked away from her across the desert, but, as he heard the gurgle of the water in the jar, he looked round again, and his sight was fascinated by the supple curves of her stooping body. He could not take his eyes off her, and he was afraid.

Then she suddenly lifted her head, and Gaunt trembled in every limb. The veil had slipped down from her face, and he looked into the full blaze of her loveliness. Quick as thought she dropped the jar and replaced the veil.

She did not speak, but he saw the burning passion in her eyes, and knew that no accident had disclosed her charms. She filled her jar again and left without a word. His eyes followed her till she disappeared.

Then once more he gazed across the desert with the look of a hunted animal seeking for some means of escape. His face was flushed, his eyes glittered, his heart beat furiously. The glorious beauty of the woman had gripped him, and he knew that he must release himself from her grasp.

Then he looked seawards towards the setting sun, across the golden plain of water. To east and west, to north and south, he was hemmed in by impassable desolation.

Yet he knew that he must find some path, even across the pathless wastes of land or sea.

(To be continued.)

WONDERFUL WEIGHT REDUCTION.

Antipon begins to do its beneficent fat-reducing work from the very start. Twenty-four hours are sufficient to prove its efficacy. Within a day and a night of first dose there is a decrease of weight which varies according to individual cases. From 8oz. to 3lb. reduction may be relied upon, and this decrease is always followed by a sure and steady diminution until final cure—that is, restoration of symmetrical proportions and standard weight according to height. The doses may then cease, as it will be found that the dreaded tendency to put on flesh, however careful the dieting may be, has been lastingly destroyed. The general health has undergone an astonishing change, principally because of the improvement in the digestive system and the extra amount of nourishment taken. Moreover, the dangerous internal fatty deposits that clog the action of the vital organs are absorbed and expelled. Antipon forms an ideal home treatment, and may be taken without any second person being aware that a special treatment is being followed. Antipon is of purely non-mineral ingredients and is pleasant and refreshing. It has no disturbing effect whatever upon stomach or bowels. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be obtained (on forwarding amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

Of Chemists & Stores Price 2/6 & 4/6

King of Corpulence Cures

Distress yourself no more about your excessive fatness. There is a sure, guaranteed, permanent cure. Antipon is a home remedy which will reduce you to your normal weight and graceful proportions within a few weeks without any discomfort. There is no starving required, nor anything disagreeable. Antipon expels the fat from the system by absorbing and eliminating it without the slightest strain on the constitution. It is quite harmless. There is no question about it. Hundreds have testified to its almost magical power. It is pleasant to the taste, easy to take (being a liquid), and wonderfully economical. The treatment can be followed without anyone else knowing it. Antipon helps to strengthen the system by increasing the appetite and improving digestion. At the same time as it reduces weight, it enriches the blood, gives renewed nerve power, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. Excessive fatness will spoil the beauty of the most attractive women. Antipon cures corpulence. Once the tendency to corpulence asserts itself it is difficult to arrest development. No matter how you starve yourself or go in for violent exercise, the fat still increases, and without Antipon will go on increasing. This marvellous remedy will speedily improve matters. The double chin, flabby cheeks, bulky neck, protuberant abdomen, large hips, and all other indications of excessive fatness will very soon subside into normal proportions, and, once reduced to symmetry, will permanently remain so reduced. You will not get stout again. Antipon will take off from 8oz. to 3lb. within a day and night of the first dose. The reduction then proceeds steadily until proper dimensions are regained, together with restored health, excellent appetite, and a feeling of exhilaration and buoyant energy which very stout people can never experience. ANTIPON can be had of Chemists, Stores, &c., price 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle, or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—The ANTIPON COMPANY, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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the Victor in this January-poll, and also for that marvellous success:—

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The best safeguard against indigestion, biliousness, and dyspepsia.

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WHELTON'S PILLS
CURE
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION,
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A NEW GROUP OF HINTS IN MATTERS CULINARY.

A GIRL'S HOUSEKEEPING EXPERIENCES.

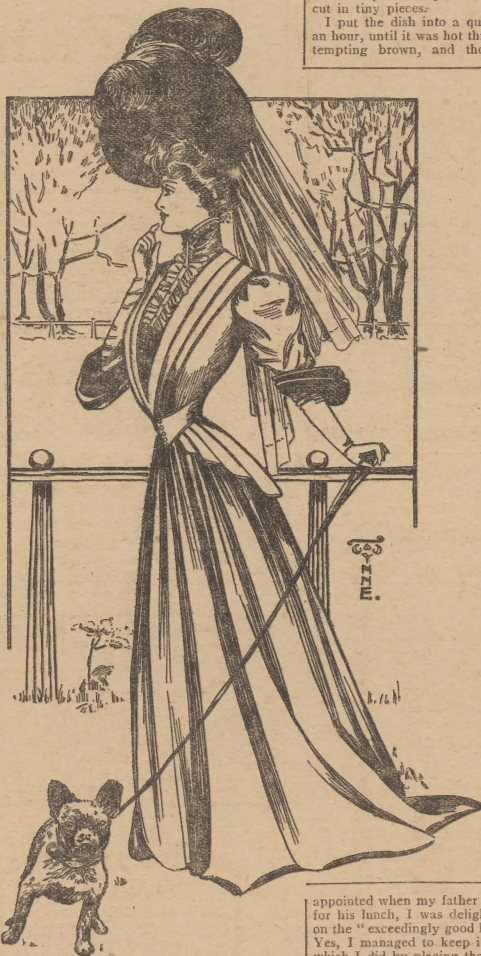
BEEF AND TOMATO PIE AND GOOD ROCK CAKES.

As my father is a doctor in a small town, and not burdened with a superfluity of this world's goods, I turned over in my mind how best I could aid him and benefit my family in general. Though fairly well educated I am not brilliant in any one subject, my one and only strong point being that I am a good organiser; at least, so everyone tells me, and as the *Daily Mirror* has kindly asked me to relate some of my various domestic expe-

riences or so tough that it did him more harm than good.

Our former cook failed so hopelessly on this point that in desperation my mother almost invariably ordered cold meat, a plan by no means economical, and fearfully monotonous. I determined I would expend all my superfluous energies on compounding appetising lunch dishes. My first attempt was a beef and tomato pie, and very well it turned out. I had an ungainly piece of cold top-side of beef, which I cut into pieces barely an inch square. I well buttered a pie-dish and covered the butter with a thick layer of white bread-crumbs. First I put a layer of the beef in the dish, then a layer of sliced tomatoes (I used altogether about a pound), a dust of salt, pepper, and chopped parsley and onions, then more crumbs, meat, tomatoes, and so on, until the dish was full, ending with a thick layer of crumbs. On the top of all I placed about an ounce of butter cut in tiny pieces.

I put the dish into a quick oven for about half an hour, until it was hot through and the top was a tempting brown, and though I was very dis-



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a grey
veil.

appointed when my father turned up one hour late for his lunch, I was delighted when he remarked on the "exceedingly good lunch—so nice and hot." Yes, I managed to keep it hot without drying it, which I did by placing the dish, after we had our meal, in a deep baking-tin containing water in the oven. Before sending it to table I carefully lifted the contents of the dish into a clean hot one.

Experience soon taught me a better plan, namely, that when making a large pie, pudding, or anything that would be cut into, I should also make one in a small dish, to be put aside for use in the event of my father coming in late to lunch. There was then no reason for it becoming overcooked; it could be cooked with the larger one, and then taken out of the oven until our lunch was over, when it could be slowly reheated. Apart from this, how much more dainty and appetising is a complete pie or pudding than a piece at one end of the dish.

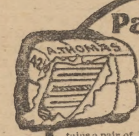
I must now confess my first great failure. Some friends were coming to tea, and I arranged to make rock cakes, dainties I had made to perfection at the cookery class. I fancy the mixture was quite right when I put it in the oven. I had made it very stiff, and put it in very rough heaps on the greased baking-tin, the recipe stating that they were to look "rocky," but imagine my horror when I opened the oven door to find the tin almost overflowing with a batter kind of substance. I have since learnt that when making rock cakes they must be put in a very hot oven for the first five minutes to set the egg in them instantly. They will then keep their shape. If the oven is merely hot they will run flat. This is the secret of making really rock-like looking rock cakes.

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TRIUMPH OF SOUTHERN FOOTBALL AT LEEDS.

Brilliant Play in a Quagmire—
Amateur Forwards' Great Pace
—Superb Goalkeeping.

TWO GOALS TO NONE.

BY CITIZEN.

LEEDS, Monday-Night.—As foreshadowed by the brilliant play in the match, at Fulham, a fortnight ago, between the Amateurs of the South and the Professionals of the South, the South beat the North fairly and squarely, at Leeds, to-day, by 2 goals to none.

On the occasion of the Fulham match I wrote that had the professional half-backs been behind the amateur forwards the Corinthian line would have won the game by many goals. Well, to-day we saw three fine professional half-backs playing behind the same forward line, and the result is a difficult situation for the selection committee to face in choosing the first international side.

The City Ground at Leeds was in a deplorable state. Those who remember what the first couple of Tottenham enclosure was for the first couple of years of its existence as a football arena can appreciate what Leeds was like this afternoon. Black mud ankle deep, little grass, and no firm foothold for the players: it was a veritable quagmire.

The fact that the Football Association thought it expedient to give Leeds as this character is a sign of the times, and shows how surely "Soccer" is gaining ground in the strongholds of Rugby football. The afternoon was delightfully fine, brilliant sunshine giving us a taste of approaching spring. There were about seven thousand spectators; £180 was taken at the gate.

The South team as it is, honour of the large number of fine players in the side played in white, and the North in red and white stripes. For the first few minutes the North hustled the Southerners. Bull checked the first rush. Bond, the speedy North End outside-right, however, got his shot in, but it went just wide of the post. Ashcroft saved a shot from Bond, and also a low one from Bache.

Thus early it looked as if the North were going to win. The South of their legs right in the beginning of the game, and when Woodward collided heavily with Veitch, and was seen to be hurt, it seemed likely to be another overwhelming victory for the North. All this while the Southern half-backs were playing a dogged, sturdy game, and although Brown made a couple of electric dashes, his shots were repelled by Ashcroft.

Gradually, but surely, the Southern forwards and halves got together, and once the lines of communication were opened up the play became brilliant, and we saw what a wonderful line the Corinthians and Woodward made. Major, now, owing to the great diversity of opinion over his ability to "nick in" with his Corinthian colleagues.

This time there could be no difference of opinion; he, Harris, and Day, were three fine insides, in perfect harmony, and Vassall and Wright were given chances of showing their pace on the wing. Vassall time and again beat Bradley, and sprinted in towards the North goal, but Rodway and Crompton were in excellent form, and Robinson also brought off some good saves. The Southern backs were not quite reliable, Cross at times lying a trifle too far up the field, with the result that Ashcroft had more shots to save than Robinson, although most of them went straight at him. He made one wonderful save in the second half by throwing himself at full length and touching the ball out with the tips of his fingers from a rasping shot by Bache.

The South may be said to have taken the grip of the game towards the close of the first half, and thereafter they were always the better side. Vassall had, however, twice missed an open goal before half-time arrived, and it was only thanks to Ashcroft that there was not something to wipe off the slate in the second portion of the game.

With the wind behind them after the interval it always seemed as though a goal would come to the South, but they were met with a stubborn fighting defence. A quarter of an hour slipped by; then Warren, the North left half, wrenched his leg to retire, and with him went the last hope of the North.

Houlker, who had been feeding Wright and Harris in an admirable style, took a pass back from Wright, drew the defence, and returned deftly to the feet of Wright; in the second half a ball whizzing past Robinson and a clench the matter for his side. It was a grand goal, and quite worthy of the player who has led the English forward line since his illustrious predecessor, C. O. Smith, retired.

The crowd were so taken by the fine footwork and combination of the Southern forwards that they cheered heartily; but they were roused to a pitch of enthusiasm just afterwards when Woodward gathered up a pass from Harris, fifty yards out, tricked Veitch, dashed between the backs, and finished up with a shot at four yards range, which sent the ball whizzing past Robinson and a clench the matter for his side. It was a grand goal, and quite worthy of the player who has led the English forward line since his illustrious predecessor, C. O. Smith, retired.

Now that the Amateurs have vindicated themselves it is interesting to turn to individuals. It is pleasing to

be able to record the fact that Wright was the best winger of the field. Instead of careering down to the corner flag, as he did at Fulham, he worked in and made innumerable openings for his side. Harris was himself again, and played both to Woodward and Wright in delightful style.

Day was good and patchy by turns; he has a tendency to give up when the matter of the ball, and Vassall, whose sprints were wonderful, finished weakly, his shooting being very faulty, and, curiously enough, most of the chances went to him in this respect. I think Bond, the professional outside right, was the better man, but his partner, Common, was too selfish, and gave him few chances.

Brown played a capital game at centre for the North, but was too well watched by Bull to be often very useful. Backs in general could not be compared to Wright and Harris. I think that we shall see Wright, Harris, Woodward, and Bond, and either the veteran Houlker or Bull (of Sheffield United) in the first English side. The Southern halves were also much better than the Northern lot.

Bull time and again broke up the attacks of the Northern inside forwards; his vis-a-vis, Veitch, also played a great game, and had better forwards against him. Both Collins and Houlker were better than Warren and Bradley, although Warren worked hard up to the time he was injured. Of the backs I preferred the Southerners as a pair, and particularly Crompton.

Cross is not quite class enough, although he accomplished a lot of good work, and Riley was the mainstay of the Southern defence. It is just possible that he may get the preference over Rodway, but I should not be surprised to see Crompton partner him by one of last season's choices for the first international. Both goalkeepers were good, and it was a bit of a fat for Ashcroft that he had some being a most brilliant handyman, may at last be rewarded by a cap. As I said, it was a toss-up between the Newcastle man and the old Hotspur-Noits County war-horse.

Were I choosing a side from the twenty-two players I should select Ashcroft, Crompton and Riley, Collins, Bull, and Houlker; Wright, Harris, Woodward, Day, and Bond; but I do not think that Day will be capped. I am doubtful of Riley, and perhaps Veitch, who has played a most brilliant handyman, may at last be rewarded by a cap. As I said, it was a toss-up between the Newcastle man and the old Hotspur-Noits County war-horse.

Naturally the Southerners, who returned immediately after the match, were a delighted little band, partly because they were heard to declare that they did not care if he never kicked a football again.

It was a grand match, and was the first victory gained by the South since 1880. Hip, hip, hurrah for the South! Is it a Cupic augury?

ANOTHER CRITICISM.

BY F. B. WILSON.

The task of picking out the right side to represent England in the first international Association match is likely to be found a hard one by the selection committee. The ground at Leeds yesterday was a cross between a bog and a quagmire, and it was quite impossible for the players to get straight into their proper positions. The Southern half-backs were playing a dogged, sturdy game, and although Brown made a couple of electric dashes, his shots were repelled by Ashcroft.

Gradually, but surely, the Southern forwards and halves got together, and once the lines of communication were opened up the play became brilliant, and we saw what a wonderful line the Corinthians and Woodward made. Major, now, owing to the great diversity of opinion over his ability to "nick in" with his Corinthian colleagues.

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CRYSTAL PALACE BEATEN. Blackpool Get Through First Round of the Cup in Three Games.

After two drawn games in the first round of the F.A. Cup, Blackpool beat the Crystal Palace at Birmingham yesterday by 1 goal to nil.

For a new club the Palace have done very well in the competition, as among their victims are Luton and Chelsea. With ordinary luck, Blackpool should have also been beaten, but during the greater part of the replay at Sydenham last Wednesday the Palace were without Astley, who was injured soon after the start. And again yesterday all the luck was against them. The referee, who was not even scored from a penalty-kick. The result of it all is that Sheffield United will not get any preliminary practice on the Palace ground for the final. Sheffield have to go to Blackpool for the next round, unless they can induce the Lancashire club to "listen to reason."

Blackpool won the toss, Wallace kicking off for the Crystal Palace before 3,000 spectators. Play was very exciting, and both sides pressed in turn, but were too careless to score straight through in front of goal.

After thirty-five minutes Travers scored for Blackpool from a good centre by Gow, and with this advantage the Lancashire side crossed.

In the second half the Londoners had all the best of the game, and were awarded a penalty in the first fifteen minutes. This was badly missed. Gow was injured, but pluckily remained on the field. Crystal Palace strove hard to equalise, but Blackpool successfully defended, and won the match.

AMATEUR CUP DRAW.

At Leeds yesterday the F.A. amateur committee made the draw for the second round, as follows:—

NORTH DIVISION.
Blackburn Crosshill v. Grangetown or West Hartlepool.
Northern Nomads v. Bishop Auckland.
Sheffield v. Stockton.
Scarborough v. Darlington or South Bank.

SOUTH DIVISION.
Romford v. 2nd Grenadier Guards or Eastbourne.
Uxbridge v. Oxford City.
Thames Valley v. Clapton.
Ely v. New Crusaders.
The first-named clubs choose the grounds and the ties must be played on February 10.

DEATH OF MR. E. A. NEPEAN.

Cricketers will learn with regret of the death, in his fifty-first year, after a short illness, of Mr. Evan Alcock Nepean, once so well known both as a batsman and bowler.

Nepean had been seen of Mr. Nepean in first-class cricket during recent seasons, but he held a very prominent place from 1887 to 1893. He gained his Blue at Oxford in 1887, and did so well in the University match, taking five wickets and playing an innings of 88 not out, that the Surrey committee offered him a place in the Gentlemen's XI, against the players at the Oval. The Gentlemen were easily beaten in a single innings, but Mr. Nepean fully justified his selection, getting Shrewsbury out for 2 and 11, and being the only batsman to score more than 10 runs. He was a very good bowler, but though he did little or nothing for Oxford, he proved a most useful bowler in the four county matches in which he took part.

In 1889 he was at his best, heading the bowling averages for Middlesex, and standing third in batting, with 100 runs. He was a batsman of great power, and in 1889 he was picked to pick an England eleven in 1889 his claims would have had to be considered. He was a bowler of great power, and in 1889 he was picked to pick an England eleven in 1889 his claims would have had to be considered. He was a bowler of great power, and in 1889 he was picked to pick an England eleven in 1889 his claims would have had to be considered.

LONDON PLAYGROUNDS' RECORD.

The following is a census of the games played in L.C.C. parks and open spaces during the year ended September 30 last:—

Games.	Games.
Cricket	23,399
Football	17,869
Hockey	1,323
and shinty	1,751
Lacrosse	241

There were also 451 cricket pitches and 320 football grounds; and special places are reserved for all the other games mentioned.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

In fine weather the Oxo-larks yesterday rowed twice to Illey. Mr. Bourne coached, and the order of rowing remained unaltered.

Kilford, the Millwall full-back, has had a slight operation performed on his knee, and it has been said a success that he is again in training.

In the Cambridge crew yesterday H. M. Goldsmith (Jesus) rowed No. 7 for E. W. Powell (Third Trinity). Mr. Escombe coached the practice.

Devon v. Midlands, in the semi-final of the Rugby county championship, has been provisionally fixed for Saturday, 8th. It will be at either Moseley or Leicester.

The M.C.C. team from South Africa made 191 in their first innings, knocked up 113 for five in the second before stumps were drawn.

Yesterday the Millwall team entered into special training at High Beech, in view of their Cup-tie with Sheffield Wednesday. Some fourteen players will be in residence at High Beech for the next fortnight.

Yesterday afternoon the Highgate Harriers' team (who on the previous day had beaten the Société Athlétique de Montreux in a seven and a half miles cross-country race in France) arrived in London from Paris.

A match for the tennis championship of the world has been arranged between C. Fair, of Prince's Club, and Ferdinand Garcia, champion of France, and will be decided on April 15, 19, and 21, at Prince's Club, Brighton.

News of the latest golf enterprise comes from Cowes, Isle of Wight, with a note of novelty. It is proposed to convert Norris's Golf Course into a links on the model of the Solent for 120 years, into an up-to-date Dorn House for golfers and yachtsmen.

Alfred Shrubbs made his first appearance as professional at Olympia last evening. Shrubbs ran a good race, and was defeated by J. J. Thomas (also an ex-amateur champion and record holder), and G. Parkes, and won by two yards, in 9 min. 27 sec.

WINDSOR STEEPCHASES. Many Horses Withdrawn, but the Programme Promises Excellent Sport.

"GREY FRIARS" SELECTIONS.

Many scratchings are announced of horses with immediate engagements at Windsor and Lingfield Park, and, as it happens, the present week is about the quietest known in the steeplechasing-world for months. There was no meeting yesterday, and the only appointment for Thursday is that at Tenby—a matter of merely local interest.

Stephanas, Killerby, and others have been withdrawn, yet there is certain to be excellent sport at Windsor to-day and to-morrow. Despite the floods throughout the country, the course on the Rays Meadows will be found in good condition. Great interest must arise should John M.P. essay to give nearly 3st. to some opponents, of whom Amabit has only 10st. to carry.

Mr. S. Loates's Mansvelt achieved such a runaway win at Manchester that he should be capable of scoring in the Keep Hurdle, which opens this afternoon's sport, and Gladiator, accustomed to the course, should capture the Long Walk Handicap Steeplechase.

SELECTIONS FOR WINDSOR.

1.00—Keep Hurdle—MANSVELT.
1.30—Long Walk Steeplechase—YENIKALE.
2.00—Rays Hurdle—JOHN M.P.
2.30—Long Walk Steeplechase—GLADIATOR.
3.00—Paddock Steeplechase—H. T.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

MANSVELT. GREY FRIARS.

WINDSOR PROGRAMME.

1.00—KEEP MAIDEN HURDLE RACE OF 70 YDS. Two miles.

Wedding Day	Yrs	lb	Silver Gate	Yrs	lb
Caprice	11	9	Stadholder	10	7
Genham	11	9	Stadholder	10	7
Herbert Vincent	11	4	Magie Lad	10	7
Hymeneus	11	4	Undergrad	10	7
Trust	11	4	Leeds	10	7
Aspendale	11	4	Wolf Rock	10	7
Yavenderpool	11	4	Pringham	10	7
Jack Spratt	11	4	Morrow	10	7
Adonis III.	11	4	Kale Ronayne	10	7
Janusway	11	4	Amersham	10	7
Healthy Boy	11	4	Flipp	10	7
Wallop On	11	4	Flipp	10	7
Mansvelt	11	4	Flipp	10	7

1.30—TOWER SELLING HANDICAP STEEPCHASE OF 70 YDS. Two miles and 100 yards.

Yenikale	Yrs	lb	Chandos	Yrs	lb
Caladon	11	7	Moss Rose	10	13
Thruster	11	9	Smoker	10	9
Hi Hi	11	9	Inverness	10	9
Armo	11	9	Henry	10	9
Poor Beast	11	9	Way Mouth	10	9
Hope of the East	11	9	Way Mouth	10	9
Fine	11	9	Way Mouth	10	9

2.00—RAYS HANDICAP HURDLE RACE OF 150 YDS. Two miles.

John M.P.	Yrs	lb	Maidenblush	Yrs	lb
Rassendy	11	9	The Warrior	10	5
A Phylloxera	11	9	Moss Rose	10	13
Genham	11	9	Rarer Sort	10	2
A Hopeless II.	11	9	Adella	10	2
Michievius	11	9	Adella	10	2

2.30—LONG WALK HANDICAP STEEPCHASE OF 100 YDS. Three miles.

Akollan	Yrs	lb	Chilretta	Yrs	lb
Gladiator	11	9	Johnstown Lass	10	13
May King	11	9	Ballycours	10	13
Killerby	11	9	Ballycours	10	13
Drumkerrin	11	9	Ballycours	10	13
Knightsbridge	11	9	Ballycours	10	13

3.00—TUESDAY MAIDEN SELLING HURDLE RACE OF 70 YDS. Two miles.

Decay	Yrs	lb	Earth Blossom	Yrs	lb
Leo Tertius	11	9	Kilcoy	10	7
Wismen's Pride	11	9	Donna Cristina	10	7
Swam	11	9	Baron Fobdun	10	7
Sax Joke	11	9	Hoar Abbey	10	7
Fairy Seat	11	9	Samor	10	7
Hope of the East	11	9	Leon	10	7
Wedding Trow	11	9	Morrow	10	7

3.30—PADDOCK STEEPCHASE OF 70 YDS. Two miles and 100 yards.

Princess Royal II.	Yrs	lb	Zaranta	Yrs	lb
Nordach	11	9	Brown Eyes	10	11
Almas I	11	9	Wild Willow	10	11
Rally	11	9	Argent Comptant	10	11
Mormar	11	9	H. T.	10	11
Pan Michael	11	9	Gay Music	10	11
Zampa	11	9	Gay Music	10	11

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Windsor and Lingfield Hurdle Handicaps—Barnstomer. Windsor Handicaps—Idolo, Black Mark, and Cheriton Belle.
Century Steeplechase, Hurst Park—Heathly Fellow.
Windsor engagements—Dathi, Whyna, Strategy, The Iron Horse, and Soak Gold.
Bowney Steeplechase, Windsor—Killerby.
H. T. and Soak Gold.
All engagements—Asian and Expert II.
All engagements under National Hunt Rules—Cape Solitaire.

YESTERDAY'S BILLIARDS.

Cook and Aiken, both receiving 2,500 start, commenced the seventeenth heat of the tournament at Solihull yesterday. Cook is taking the place vacated by Mitchell. Aiken had much the better of the day's play, and held a big advantage at the close. Scores: Aiken, 1,000; Cook, 888.
Mitchell and Lovejoy commenced a match of 8,000 at the Brompton-road saloon. Closing scores: Lovejoy (receives 2,000), 3,001; Mitchell, 1,350.

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ACTIVE Men employed in large offices, warehouses, or
works can easily double their incomes during spare time,
without risk or expense.—Apply for particulars to Gar-
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AGENTS wanted.—Agents making £10 weekly handling our
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AGENTS wanted for Picture Postcards.—Perrin Bros., 36,
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of Motoring; prospectus 2d.—Berry-st., Liverpool; 235,
Deansgate, Manchester, and Lord-st., Southampton.

CLERKS, Salesmen, Book-keepers, Stationers, Typists,
etc., wanted to learn advertising and earn 25 per week;
prospectus post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School
(Depot, 109, 192, Oxford-st., London, W.)

WORK guaranteed; men and women; Canada; Salvation
Army Temperance sailings (s.s. Kensington 2,658 tons),
March; advice free.—Manager, 27, Queen Victoria-st.,
London, E.C.

YOUNG Man wanted to represent a well-known London
firm, liberal terms and good prospects to suitable ap-
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FLATS WANTED.

WANTED, near Alexandra Palace, double flat or house,
with bath.—Write 1019, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-
st., E.C.

OUR NEW £100 COMPETITION.

How many times does the magic figure 9
appear in this advertisement? We are
offering

£100 IN CASH,

and 1,000 EXTRA PRIZES of Great Value.

In our last year's Competition £300 in
Cash, and thousands of consolation prizes,
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We wish to circulate our Latest Bar-
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**GOLD & CO., No. 8, The Watch House,
DELMERE CRESCENT, LONDON, W.**

THE REAL HOME RULE
QUESTION.

A WORKING
MAN'S HOME
FURNISHED
FOR
£10

COUNTRY
ORDERS
DELIVERED
AND
PACKED FREE.

Send for
Catalogue.

FREE LIFE INSURANCE.
FREE FIRE INSURANCE.
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PROVIDED.
FREE BROUGHAMS.

To convey you to and
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GENERAL TERMS.		Per Month	
£10	2	£	20 6 0
20	2	£	0 11 0
30	2	£	0 17 6
40	2	£	1 5 0
50	2	£	1 8 0
100	2	£	2 5 0
200	2	£	4 0 0
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C.B.: After all, we both can agree on the
matter of Home Furnishing Comfort.

Balfour: Exactly. And that for Terms,
Quality, Prices, and Liberality of treatment, the
HACKNEY FURNISHING CO. stand easily first,
head and shoulders above all others.



THE HACKNEY
FURNISHING CO.,
LIMITED.

2, 3, 4, Town Hall Buildings, Mare-st.,
Hackney, London;
18, 19, 20, 21, 22, The Grove (adjoining).

YOU WANT PROTECTION

against small firms of one or two years' standing
trying to copy our methods of business by a
system of dishonesty, thus deceiving the public
by informing them that they are in some way
connected with us.

CAUTION.—Beware of firms
who cannot produce
the articles advertised by
them, and try to depart
from these terms.

All goods advertised
in this advertisement
can be brought at the
price quoted. Several
other firms do not
sell their goods at
the price advertised.



1s. Weekly. 1s. Weekly.

9-piece Suite: Large Couch, 2 Easy
Chairs, and 6 Small Chairs.

£5 5s. Od., or 1s. Weekly.

Be careful that the firms you do
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THE HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD.,
1, 2, 3, 4, TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, MARE STREET, HACKNEY, LONDON; 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, THE GROVE (ADJOINING).